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NBJ
Minch

NBI
Miron

MIRON AND FLORILLA:

A

POETIC TALE,

THE

SCENERY AMERICAN.

Lc

No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!

Pleasures of Hope.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS J. CROWEN, AT THE
LYCEUM BOOK STORE, 567 BROADWAY.

1838.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
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TO THE YOUTH OF THE AGE

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY ONE OF THEIR NUMBER,

THE AUTHOR.

WQR 19 FEB '36

INVOCATION.

Genius of Joy! bright daughter of the skies!
To whom the spirit's purest off'rings rise;
Whose potent sway the wise man longs to know;
Around whose shrine the poet's raptures flow;
To feel whose kindling, deep-absorbing fires
Each human soul with ardent zeal aspires;—
O, where is thine unknown, celestial seat?
Where wilt thou deign wild fancy's gaze to greet?
What are thy offspring? what the fairy fruits
Thy hand to cheer life's thorny pathway suits?
How near, O Spirit, to thy lovely bower
May mortals come, and freely taste thy power?

The face of Nature, varied, bright, and fair,
May touch the heart, and reign unrivalled there;
Music's raptures, the tale's recorded sigh,
The pencilled landscape, 'beauty's matchless eye,'
Thrill through the soul whose cords are strung on high;
Yet these are transient—where again, O where,
Is that unwav'ring light, so pure, so fair,
That tempers bliss, that mitigates each care?

NBI
Miron

CANTO I.

THE VILLAGE.

I.

Behold yon giant of the wood,
That towers aloft sublimely still!
And waves as if, in haughty mood,
To give forth mandates of its will!
And sweeps its powerful arms around,
As instruments of its command,
And by its circling bulwarks bound,
It strikes the sky, and spurns the land!
Sweet songsters its protection crave
And gently falls its soothing shade;
Yet loftily its branches wave,
Regardless of the weal they made!
The sun his scorching beams may pour,
The tempest boom along the gale,
It stands, within itself secure,
And lifts its head above the wail!
Yet, though it thus be proudly throned
O'er woodland scenes and beasts that roam,

The sylvan monarch once has owned
The hidden nook its humble home,
Once grew unnoticed in the shade,
And bowed beneath the moist'ning shower;
Once owned its equal in the blade,
And bloomed beside the lowly flower!

II.

The rushing waters of the stream,
That sweep with reckless speed along,
And girt with majesty would seem
Above all nature's barriers strong,
Now whirling on in sullen roar,
And lashing with their angry spray,
Now rolling in their curbless power
Along the deep unrufled way,
Or as in one wild phalanx thrown,
They leap adown the frowning rock,
And bid the mountain forests moan,
And earth to tremble 'neath the shock,—
Say, ask ye whence the torrent's might,
And where the river's youthful home?
Behold it far from vulgar sight,
Where man and beast but seldom roam:
There, in that still and lonely place,
Whose beauties only Nature knows,
Where lilies droop with queenly grace,
And the lovely wild flower purely glows,
There first begins the streamlet's race,
Just ripples forth, and onward flows!

III.

Behold thine emblems, lordly man!
And lo, the pictured course of life,
O thou who boastest thou canst scan
Creation's rounds, with myst'ries rife!
For when we lift our searching gaze
From breathless forms to deathless names,
And enter that mysterious maze
From whence the soul's bright sparkle flames;
Where dwells that great yet unseen Power
Which makes all nature feel its wand,
To which Creation brings her dower
From heaven and earth, from sea and land;
Where, too, there ebbs and flows the tide
Of Fancy flamed by Passion's fan,
That spurs to action grand and wide
Each throbbing sinew of the man;
Here, too, we can but own that law
Which to its fountain traces glory,
And read in all man's proud eclat
The river's and the arbor's story.
And on each frontlet sits this mark,
Which Retrospection there hath reared,
'I *once* was happy as the lark,
And *once* delight my footsteps cheered.'

IV.

For there's a season on life's way
Pregnant with peace, and richly calm,

That brings sweet pastimes for to-day,
And for the morrow soothing balm.
Perchance it was in childhood's time,
And smiled on boyhood's darling schemes,
Or passed in manhood's op'ning prime,
Charmed by the future's dazzling gleams.
Whate'er may be that happy hour
When softly steals delight's bright ray,
Its gentle voice speaks forth in power,
Each tender feeling owns its sway.
The lowly man, the weary worn,
The great, the mighty, and the brave,
May meditate, and sigh, and mourn,
O'er dreams that found an early grave.

V.

And there are scenes which alway cheer,
When all beside seem dark and drear ;
Though every other may have flown,
The heart still fondly clings to one ;
And the whole soul's intense emotion
May for one spot for ever last,
As 'twere an islet in the ocean,
As 'twere an oasis in the waste.
And often from the lowliest bowers,
The quietest and most serene,
There issue forth earth's highest powers,
Or deeds that wear the darkest mien ;
And when we view the weal or woe,
That yields its blessing, or its curse,

Ah, little do we guess they flow
From such an unassuming source ;
Just as we trace to fountains low
The tree's vast height, the torrent's force.

VI.

Thus, who that ever viewed thy scene,
O loveliest Village of the land !
And looked upon thy living green,
Depicted as with magic wand ;
That ever marked thy graceful modesty,
Serenely smiling in the glade,
Where softly meet the well pleased eye
The mingled tints of light and shade ;
And who that ever viewed the peace
That sat upon thy neighborhood,
And marked upon each cheerful face
The signet of love's hallowed mood,
Would e'er have thought that from thy breast,
Where love and comfort seemed to reign,
A single evil could have past,
Or aught that whispered of design ?
Who could conceive that passion's night
Would ever to thy bosom glide,
And that experience e'er would light
Upon a warning for a guide ?
And least of all who could have guessed
That malice would have sprung from thee,
And that deep cunning would infest
The upright actions of the free ?

VII.

Yet wherefore mar our present ease
By such prophetic mutterings—
By such unwelcome, harsh ideas,
Which may, heav'n grant, wear falsehood's wings ?
Why conjure up such gross alloy,
Such ghostly forms, as from the dead,
To fright us from our present joy,
By the surrounding gladness fed ?
Say, is it not enough that when
The serpent enters pleasure's bower,
And in its track come woe and pain,
And dread despair begins to lower,—
Is't not enough that then we taste
Of mis'ry's bitter, loathsome cup,
And not in that foul cup to waste
The present hour's pure, sparkling drop ?

VIII.

Therefore away, each dreary thought
That would all quiet overwhelm,
And ne'er again obtrude unsought
On chaste delight's selected realm.
But come, each gentle spirit fair
That rulest o'er earth's loveliness ;
And come, Protectress of whate'er
Is true to innocence and bliss ;
And hail, thou heaven-descended Power,
Who cull'st delight from Nature's ways,

And causest all her works to shower
Upon the soul joy's purest rays !
O come, and guide the trembling hand
That would depict a gentle theme,
And pour forth all thy charms so bland
Upon my fancy's wand'ring dream !
And O, portray with tints most rare
That calm and lovely woodland spot—
A spot all worthy of your care,
A spot that merits deathless note ;
A spot so sweet and so serene,
So free from fault, so free from crime,
A spot of such a pleasant mien,
It might not seem the gift of time :
A spot whose name looked back to age,
And seemed on ancient notes to rise ;
For 'twas not deemed a sacrilege
To call it even Paradise ! (1)

IX.

Embosomed in the wood it lay,
A garden blooming amid groves ;
And shone with a superior ray,
Like some choice one 'mong all our loves.
No proudly swelling domes were there,
No mighty monuments of art,
But Nature, and her train most fair,
Who best can touch the feeling heart.
Green was the turf, and soft the lawn,
That bloomed the tidy walks beside ;

And shrubs, and plants, and flowers were strown
Around the scenery near and wide.
And there seemed naught that did not own
Delightful Nature's gentle sway,
Naught save the humble homes alone,
That ranged along the platform lay
And even these were so enshrined
Ia Nature's brightest ornaments,
And were with creeping vines entwined
With such a graceful elegance,
That, in a more fantastic gear,
And with more gorgeous robes arrayed,
Ev'n these did scarcely but appear
Things, too, by Nature's hand displayed.

X.

Upon one side there rose the hill,
That in the distance reached its height;
And from its sloping side so still
Now waved the forests on the sight;
From which the distant trickling waters,
And the far echoing cascade,
The mountain's sweet melodious daughters,
Came whisp'ring through the darksome shade;
And mingled with their thrilling strain
The feathered warblers sang their song;
As if upon earth's lowly plain
The airy sprites their notes prolong.
While on the other side, between
The rustling branches of a wood

That stood the outskirt of the scene,
The waters of a stream were viewed:
A stream that issued from the North, (2)
'Mid regions oft with mountains piled,
And over rocks and glens poured forth
Its sparkling waters free and wild:
As if they did from their wild source
The spirit of romance onward waft,
And had in their free highland course
'Drank deep of freedom's cooling draught,
And now were bearing to the plain
The treasures in their bosom hid,
Imparting to man's proud domain
The spirit by the mountains bred.

XI.

And if to join with this loved spot
A prophecy, seem so profane,
O surely not the least sad thought
Will dare the present page to stain;
For truly sorrow's lightest moans
Were never known to that fair twain,
To those dear forms, to those dear ones,
'That grace with their loved charms my strain!
They were so in each other bound,
The social joy was so uncloyed,
They seemed to sport youth's field around
Of all uneasiness devoid!

XII.

Marked you, as backward from the scene
You wander toward the silent wood,
There marked you, on the farthest green,
A steeple and a dwelling stood ?
There rose the temple's modest dome,
And all seemed calmly sacred there ;
For this the people called their home—
That still and hallowed place of prayer !
And there, from bustle thus removed,
There dwelt the shepherd of the flock—
He, by all the Village loved,
He, their pillar and their rock :
And O ! if peace, and joy, and love,
E'er from domestic circles shone,
Here were they in perfection wove—
And Miron was the only son !

XIII.

Beheld ye too that stately man,
Whose head with care was silvered o'er,
That man who seemed so sad and wan,
Yet kindness on his forehead bore,
Whose counsels were so largely sought,
Who gave them with so free an air,
And yet to whom no kindness brought
A soothing respite from his care ?
He mourned o'er joys for ever flown,
And thought upon their transient stay ;

He mourned his bosom partner gone—
The loved companion of his way.
And yet one solace had not fled—
That loved companion's lovely dower,
And oft and gladly in her stead
Florilla cheered his lonely hour.
That name a name most fitting seemed;
She was a flower of choicest ray,
Not only by her father deemed,
But by each tongue's heart-echoing lay.
The Village loved that name to greet,
That with a touching music came,
And if it ever seemed more sweet,
'Twas when 'twas joined with Miron's name!

XIV.

And Miron and Florilla were
Such as mankind but seldom see,
And angels might have viewed that pair
With eyes of even sympathy.
What though they were of tender youth,
Nor ev'n had passed from Childhood's day,
'Twould be a powerful bait, forsooth,
Could lure them from their loves away!
Their friendship was a flower that grew
From sportive childhood's bustling toys,
And had been watered by the dew
Of playful hours and social joys.
It was a love that knew no cloud,
And scarce could nurture sentiment,

A love by like pursuits endowed,
By bright and chastened merriment.
And now they might no more the bowl
Of artless, thoughtless friendship fill,
Mysterious in their inmost soul
They felt that new that deeper thrill!

XV.

And while in converse, mirth, and song,
His happy hours unnumbered flew,
The youth wist not that in the throng
Of men there loved another too;
And she knew not; she only knew
There was one sharer of her lot,
And while from his loved words she drew
Her life, the world was all forgot!

XVI.

O smile not with an air too light
Upon their humble, simple ways,
But kindly, aye and with delight,
Look forth upon love's purest rays.
For since to their bright dreams there came
No visions of a future hour,
And since they never spake love's name,
And scarcely knew they felt its power,
And since anxiety's fitful gleams
Did never o'er joy's radiance move,
To tell them of its steady beams,
Because of this, 'twas purely love;

A love that is that glorious sun
  Round which joy's halo ever glows,
Toward which the spirit's visions run
  With zeal that no abatement knows!
A love that rarely finds its birth
  Save in those visions of the soul;
And even when it visits earth,
As moonbeams kiss the outspread dearth,
  Ah, soon the clouds athwart it roll!

CANTO II.

THE FESTIVAL.

I.

The dazzling sun hath darksome motes,
The beauteous earth her desert spots,
  To mark them incomplete;
The bud hath oft a worm at core,
The lightsome heart an aching sore,
  That mar their bloom so sweet:
Go, traverse up and down along
Earth's varied scenes and busy throng,
  You note these emblems then;
For if in aught beneath the sky
Ye would perfection seek to spy,
  Ye seek, alas! in vain.

II.

The Muse in her wild strain hath said,
  'No proudly swelling domes were there,'
Yet if her soaring flight were staid,
  A sob'rer verdict might appear;
For if it could assume the name,
  The title of a lofty pile,

There was one structure there might claim
Suprem'cy o'er the rest the while.
Ensconced within the scene it stood,
And reared its proud aspiring head;
And whether viewed in angry mood
Or pleasant, heedless there it stayed.

III.

But not more strangely would ye scan
The contrast formed by this lone dome,
Than ye would view that haughty man
Who proudly called it his proud home;
But I may not attempt to look
Too closely 'mong his mysteries,
For Arnold was not one would brook
Inspection of his secrecies.
His wealth was his unwearied vaunt,
And yet how largely this would flow,
And where his riches' hidden fount,
None knew, and none dared seek to know.
And he, forsooth, bethought him too
All worth did to himself belong,
And stiff and haughtily he drew
His worthy self above the throng!

IV.

He had a son—a son whose ire—
Yet wherefore dwell upon the son?
For with such wealth, with such a sire,
His portrait is too clearly drawn.

Yet wouldst thou trace the dang'rous path
In which the youth unheeding walks?
Go, view yon city's scenes of wrath,
Where foul debauch unblushing stalks.
And wouldst thou view the awful chains
That bind that youth, his hopes, his all?
Mark how of sin's polluting stains
Each forms its link, each adds its thrall!

V.

'Tis true the quiet village-band
Liked neither father nor the son,
And would prefer the ill placed stand
Were with its tenants rooted, gone;
And yet no open, jarring breach
Could find an easy entrance there—
Each party knew its sphere, and each
Would not with other interfere.
And though sometimes a dire event
Might yield discordant notes, and wild,
The concord by the scenery lent
Was still harmonious and mild.

VI.

And thus arrayed in modest worth,
The beauteous garden of the earth,
Where only one exception taught
That this, too, was with frailty fraught,
Reposed that village so serene,
New-England's fairest, choicest scene,

Ere yet upon the slumb'ring soil
The war-drum pealed the battle-toil;
Ere yet the Spirit of Freedom, crushed
By haughty power, to vengeance rushed;
Ere yet Resistance' sleeping form
Was roused to grapple with the storm.

VII.

And lo, upon the country's might,
Reposing as the lion doth,
The Autumn's rich and mellow light,
Her golden fruits of Summer-growth,
Her beautifully sad campaign,
Her moaning woods, so sweetly drear,
And all the gorgeous domain
That decks the portal of the year,
Ruled then with such a lovely reign,
To solemnize, to bless, to cheer,
That where is he that would not then
Raise high the song, to Godhead dear?

VIII.

New-England felt and owned the boon
Descending from the courts of heaven,
And raised to heaven's all-bounteous One
Thanks for the gifts so largely given.
And at this seas'n, with riches fraught,
Upon some cherished, longed for day,
As by their fathers they were taught,
The people raised their grateful lay.

And how more pleasing would that lay
Ascend before th' eternal throne,
Than when, as undenied they may,
They freely use the gifts poured down ?
And so, with chaste enjoyments bland,
The Autumn's beauteous scenes behold,
Throughout the fertile, smiling land,
The Festival's delights unrolled. (3)

IX.

And on that ever welcome day,
Arrayed in all her choicest guise,
The Festival has found its way
Within the beauteous Paradise !
What though there were not there displayed
Those dainties delicate and light,
Nor yet those draughts of poison dread,
Which spring beneath Art's magic might ?
The richest fruits, the healthiest fare,
And Nature's bev'rage there abound ;
Go, wander far and wide, and where
Will choicer bounties e'er be found ?

X.

And while throughout that lovely place,
Upon that bright Autumnal day,
The people, with their modest grace,
Observed the feast so chastely gay,
The sun, enamored of the view,
Drew near to gaze upon the scene,

And poured upon the spot anew
His rays of genial warmth serene;
As if the Summer's bright'ning beams,
And all the beauty Summer brings,
Had come again in matchless streams
To grace sad Autumn's golden wings!

XI.

And why should not, when such a scene
Calls forth t' enjoy what it imparts,
When in God's hallowed house hath been
Devotion sent from grateful hearts,
And when the Festival's choice fare,
With its enjoyments, hath passed o'er,
Say, why should not the bracing air
Impart its fresh and streagth'ning power?
Why should not youth and childhood gay
Enjoy those sweet, those sportive toys
Which youth and childhood's happy day
Alone desires, alone enjoys?
And, 'mong the gayest, they were there,
That simple, lovely, chosen pair,
That unexampled couple who
Are always surely meant if e'er
You speak of two supremely fair,
For there of such there were but two!

XII.

And while upon that lovely lawn,
Now blooming 'neath heaven's bounteous smile,

The joys of life's refulgent dawn
The waning of the day beguile,
O, where has gay Florilla gone,
With all her childlike witchery?
Why hath the bird all-flutt'ring flown
Within the wood so quietly,
But that she might in mischief view
Uneasiness encircling round
The brow of him she full well knew
Would seek her till he found?
And as in some enchanting place
She sat her down, so matchless fair,
And laid her full-orbed morning face
On that fair hand that held it there,
Where have her soul's bright visions flown?
And what the vision yields that glow?
What but the thought of th' absent one,
Whose ways with hers harmonious flow?
She asked, too, as her dreams flit o'er,
Why thus to him her thoughts revert,
The question, never asked before,
Was answered by a flutt'ring heart!

XIII.

A footstep rang upon the air
From Autumn's leaves around her strown;
That artful smile again was there,
But quick as lightning it has gone;
She turned, and lo, upon her view
Young Arnold sprang, of haughty mien,

And from his eyes' dark orbs there flew
A look she ne'er before had seen.
The maiden shrank in wild affright,
And cast a timid glance around,
As when a dove so chastely white
Starts from beneath the thunder's sound!
'O, fear not me,' he warmly said,
And smiled, forsooth, yes, even smiled,
'O, if thou knew, unrivaled maid,
The burning love, the deep, the wild'—
He drew a step or two more nigh,
Toward her form so pure as snow;
The maid in terror turned to fly,
And bounded like the mountain roe!
Touched to the quick he saw her fly,
And angry flashings o'er him glare,
And as she flies so swiftly by,
His form, his form again is there;
A scream of fear, again she flew;
A scream of joy as quickly rings,
''Tis Miron, 'tis Miron!' she bounds anew,
And lo, t' his form she wildly clings!
Her troubles fled at that dear word,
Secure may now the maiden rest,
No harm can e'er betide the bird
That's lodged within its slender nest!

XIV.

Proud of the trust upon him cast,
And proud of her he held so light,

With form erect, and dauntless breast,
That showed the embryo man of might,
With spirit free as mountain-wind,
And fearless as the rolling flood,
That spake a mighty soul, designed
For high emprise, the stripling stood.
One hand was round the drooping waist
That clung so fondly to his own,
And one as in command was raised,
To bid all harm forthwith be gone.
Didst ever see fair Innocence
Mailed in her own invinc'ble might?
Ah, there methinks Malevolence
Could ne'er obtrude, ne'er seek to blight.

XV.

The baffled madman turned in ire,
While wounded pride, and piqued desire
Roused every demon passion dire
That's lit from hell's exhaustless fire,
Which burned upon his tortured brain,
And strung each nerve, and ruled the man,
As in a dark, unearthly strain,
His mutt'rings dire he thus began :—

'And shall I—I whose every will
Hath been sure prelude to delight,
I whose charmed glance, where'er it fell,
Young hearts hath conquered but to blight—
Shall I by this young fair so light

Behold me shorn of my great might?
Shall baffled plans e'er greet my sight,
My very self, my power despite?

'And shall I see those charms so dear
To that young boy, that infant go?
And shall their lives from year to year
Together all-harmonious flow,
While they with scoffing finger show
My grov'ling path down, down so low,
And pour the bans of vengeful woe
Upon my head?—No, never, no!'

XVI.

He turned in his wrath, and his eyes flamed with fire,
And his limbs were convulsed by the might of his ire;
'What ho!' cried the madman, 'ye simpletons dear,
Ye so spruce, ye so sweet, ye so lovingly near,
Do ye think, since with bliss your life's cup ye now fill,
That it always will flow so unruffled and still?
Hark, while by the charm of an injured man's curse,
By the power of the demons that revengefulness nurse,
By the freedom to speak, by the freedom to do,
I swear so determinedly, recklessly true,
That though ye may live, ye may meet, ye may love,
Yet ne'er shall joy's radiance shine forth from above;
May the blight of my curse, may the blight of the lost,
Throw their glare o'er your fortunes by agony tost!'

XVII.

Nor man nor beast have heard him rave ;
The dwellers of the wood have gone ;
And all is silent as the grave,
All but the shrill wind's fitful moan ;
The sun has left the world in gloom,
And ah, the stillness of that hour !
Fit hour for spirits of the tomb
Their threats, their bans, their woes to pour!
And shall the fiendish fire that flows
From this excited idiot's brain
Flame on unquenched, and burn in woes
Of hell the victims it would gain ?
That lofty and eternal Might,
Who rules above heaven, earth, and hell,
That Fountain of all holy light,
Th' omniscient God, alone can tell !

CANTO III.

THE ALARUM.

I.

Long had it strode upon the sky—
The darkened thunder-cloud of war;
And mortals long, with quailing eye,
Had marked it booming from afar;
Had marked it when first, small and light,
The mist portentous left the flood,
And curled aloft in airy flight,
Like spirits to the heavens wooed;
Had marked it far more darkly lower,
And clothe the mountains in its pall;
Had heard the distant rumbling roar
From pole to pole in terror fall.
In vain the nation's deepened moan
Had sought to deprecate its wrath,
It still rolled on, it fast rolled on,
Upon its broad, its sweeping path.

II.

And lo, far stretched, above, around,
It hangs upon a fated world!

All nature, by its shadows bound,
Deep feels its horrors o'er her hurled.
Already flames the lurid glare,
Already pealing thunders roll,
The mighty floods have left their lair,
To blot a nation from earth's scroll;
'To blot a nation?' Never, no,
In vain ye seek to chain the free;
The tempest sweeps the air and lo,
A world is circling Freedom's tree!
The scowl the darkened sky casts down
Strikes on the front of bearded men,
And wakens there a darker frown,
That threats the forgers of their chain!
The vivid flame that streams on high
Bids intellectual flashes roll,
Lights up a nation's mental eye,
And quickens well the mighty soul;
A soul that in the name of right
Lifts high young Freedom's matchless sword,
And in her great primeval might
Proclaims heaven's King her only Lord!

III.

Ev'n when a *single* gifted mind
Doth feel the promptings of its might,
And over earth's dark powers combined
Lifts forth the standard of man's right,
When deepened glow, and heavenly trust,
And brow 'neath which stern thoughts revolve,

And gaze upturned to Him on high,
Proclaim the spirit's firm resolve,
Ev'n then may tyrants learn to crouch,
And own the dignity of worth ;
May start from their uneasy couch,
And ask if still they be of earth ;
Ev'n then may darkness' woful powers
Mark well the places of their might,
And as the strong man's dread arm towers,
May tremble 'neath th' expected blight.

IV.

But when the deep, excited glow,
The knitted brow, and heavenly trust,
High on the fronts of *armies* show
Their souls by one great motive flushed,
When roused by oppression's haughty deed,
When stung by scorn upon her thrown,
A *nation* bids oppression bleed,
And cries her *own* will shall be done,
Then well may every sordid power
That on the wreck of others' right,
The wreck of Nature's sacred dower,
Would build its own despotic might,—
Then well may all the fiends that sweep
The world from darkest realms below,
Rave round domains they may not keep,
And wail the parting dirge of woe ;
Like the last sad howl the tempest yields
When o'er its boist'rous greatness sweep

The glories of a sun that gilds
With splendor, and that pierceth deep!

V.

Already Freedom's daring sons
Had proved their birthright sure and good;
Had drawn forth tyr'ny's first-born moans,
And 'gainst oppression boldly stood:
The blood of Lexington had told
The spirit of resistance there;
And Bunker's mighty exploits hold
To tyrany a warning fair.
The councils of the nation, too,
Imbibed the spirit from afar,
Had formed the mighty plan—and lo,
A Washington will lead the war!
Then was there gath'ring to the field
Of dang'rous war in eager haste;
Then all th' extended land beheld
The freemen's standard proudly raised!
The husbandman's well cultured soil,
The beauteous scenes around him ranged,
Must for the camps, the noise, the toil,
The murd'rous tools of war be changed.
Then kindred ties are broken too,
And hearts must feel the parting blight,
And all the land yield notes of woe
O'er absence' long and dreary night!

VI.

And it hath entered Eden's bower—
The war-spir't dwells in Paradise!
Ev'n there is felt a mightier power
Than from domestic joys doth rise.
And it must even need molest
The closest ties the village knew;
That youth, their hope, their fairest, best,
That dearest to Florilla, too,
With haste, at Liberty's behest,
To fight her glorious battles flew!

VII.

In vain a father's earnest care
Had trained him for a diff'rent aim,
Had taught him lore, and bade prepare
T' obey his own call's sacred claim.
The youth, indeed, had ever been
One who feared not the classic lore,
Had studied well, been taught to glean
From learning's mines the richest ore;
But youth is not the time when thought
Can bear attention's steady sway,
And mental joys are seldom sought
Save in the man's maturer day.
But things more palpable and plain
Yield to the mind its young delight,
And love for enterprise doth reign
With firm and all-subduing might.

Young Miron felt his spirit strong,
Feared naught, and on himself relied,
And wakened by his country's wrong,
Longed in her cause for action wide.
What though of years he numbered few,
And scarce his country claimed his aid?
The youth at once to manhood grew,
And eager drew th' unwonted blade,
And panted for the glorious deed,
As the young wild-horse quits the vale,
And scours the prairie in his speed,
And streams upon the sweeping gale!

VIII.

In vain, too, were a mother's tears;
Yet ah, those tears! they pierce his soul:
That mother who through hopes and fears
Had watched his op'ning powers unroll:
That mother whose warm heart had poured
Its tender gushings o'er her son,
And taught that son's young heart t' afford
Affections warm as were her own!
And lo, her tears, and sighs, and sobs,
Employ the doleful parting hour;
But mingled with her heart-felt throbs,
Her blessings on his loved head shower.
For if he must, alas! depart,
Must leave his mother and his home,
Then freely shall a mother's heart
Forbid its grief too far to roam:

Then shall a mother's hands prepare
Their last sad offices of good,
Shall fit him well, yield comforts rare,
Ere yet his path is on life's flood.
And he may go, his mother says;
And with his parents' free consent,
And with their blessing on his ways
The youth to glory boldly went.

IX.

And there was too that other tie—
A tie that fain would bind him there;
A tie round which there quickly fly
The warmest joys the heart can bear.
In vain their friends had seen them grow,
Like plants, together, side by side,
And thought misfortune's heavy blow
Would ne'er their dear loved ones betide;
Had poured in warmth upon their head
Wishes for bliss without alloy;
Had to Joy's Guardian Spirit prayed
For pure, unmixed, unceasing joy.

X.

The Spirit looked in kindness down,
Yet shook her fairy locks of gold,
Forbade to grant the prayed for boon,
And thus her will aloud was told:
'Shall those bright joys within my shrine,
Those joys that purity bespeak,

In their all-holy splendor shine
On th' inexperienced and the weak,
Where no foretaste of trouble's blight,
Which blasts life's joys, hath yet been known,
Where ceaseless and unchanged delight
Leads not the soul to heaven's great throne ?
Their path through shining meads, forsooth,
Of flow'ry toys and sports might wind,
But list to one with whom dwells truth---
Not such the joys for man designed.
But chequered is the field of life ;
Each sweet must have its sour ;
The heart grows pure 'neath sorrow's strife ;
Heaven o'er it doth its soothings shower !'
The Goddess closed her dazzling screen,
Withdrew her heavenly beaming smile,
Yet wept a tear, as were foreseen
The bitter woes the youths must feel the while !

XI.

The evening shadows gathered fast
O'er his last day of peaceful rest ;
Oft had he viewed them flitting past,
And thoughts swell high his lab'ring breast.
The night-breeze waved upon the air ;
So often, while a gentle boy,
He'd felt it cool his forehead bare,
His young soul glowed with mournful joy.
The moonbeams gild the floating clouds,
And shadows trace th' alternate light ;

Their oft repeated splendor crowds
Upon his deep-toned spirit's sight.

XII.

They sadly gazed---he and his love,
And drank the evening glories in;
They breathed the fragrance of the grove,
And walked upon the carpet-green.
He spake of his young spirit's aim,
He scanned the future's dizzy height,
And talked of glory, worth, and fame,
Upborne on gorgeous fancy's flight.
'But you will not forget me then?
And you will write me from the war?
And when sweet peace once more doth reign,
You'll come, no more to roam afar?'
She spake in earnest eloquence,
A tear-drop glistened in the moonbeams!
And through her form's soft elegance
A spirit of tend'rest feeling streams!
That sparkling tear, through seasons' roll,
Through sorrow's night, through glory's day,
Shall glow uncloyed within his soul,
A living pearl of loveliest ray!

XIII.

They sang, and noiselessly the wood,
The heavens' spangled orbs above,
And the meand'ring river's flood,
Were list'ning to their song of love!

The whip-poor-will kept concord sweet,
The gurgling streams, the woods among,
In murm'ring strains the music greet,
And mingle with the sad night-song :

'Ah ! why should life's more rugged call,
Ah ! why should glory's promptings all,
O'er hearts' warm ties
Like mildew rise ?

'Why may not all the heart holds dear
Be kept a treasure ever near
Through all the strife
Of varied life ?

'O may the Power that rules men's right,
And may the Guardian of Delight,
In concert meet,
The world to greet !

'Then shall all tears forget to flow,
Then banished every grief and woe
That love and right
Now seek to blight.

'Then shall two hearts of well tried truth
Bloom on in ever during youth,
And heavenward raise
The song of praise !'

XIV.

They sang 'neath Hope's refulgent beams,
And scanned the future's unknown way;
But when, ah when, shall their bright dreams
Immerge in Reality's glorious day?

END OF PART I.

PART II.

PASSION.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odors breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

Childe Harold.

CANTO I.

THE RESOLVE.

I.

June's gorgeousness illumes the sky.
The world lies decked like fairy dreams.
Among the floating clouds on high
Sport joyfully the sunny beams.
Earth springs anew in splendor's guise,
And robed in new and rich attire,
Gives back her tribute to the skies,
Wafts incense with a glowing fire.
Nature feels young, spreads soft delights,
And, sweet as soothing zephyrs are,
Yields warbling sounds, and beauteous sights,
And fragrance breathing from afar.

II.

Spectator of the thrilling scene,
A warrior reined his prancing steed;
And on his front a manly mien
Was stamped—just Nature's noble meed.
But blended with the signs of thought,
Of dignity, of lofty truth,

Another stamp was boldly wrought,
And 'twas the stamp of ripened youth.
He might have known long hardy toil,
Have counted many an anxious hour,
Have felt misfortune's bitter foil,
And sunk while foes and recreants tower;
Yet still the flashing of his eye
Burned brightly with unconquered flame;
His soul seemed fastened on the sky
With steady and unwav'ring aim.
The open toils of camps, forsooth,
And marches 'neath the noonday sun,
The features of the active youth
Might chanced t' have tinged with shady dun:
It could not for one moment hide
The glowing richness of his blood,
Nor obliterate one stamp of pride
That on his lofty forehead stood!

III.

Long and severe had been the strife
Which freemen waged in Freedom's name.
The torch of war, with danger rife,
Had burned full long with murd'rous flame.
At length success has crowned the war,
At length the mighty blow is given
Which breaks Oppression's wanton power,
And adds a star t' the hosts of heaven.
It spread like wildfire through the land,
'Our arms have won, and we are free;

Long may we our own command,
And nurse the plant of Liberty!'
That youth had urged his country's cause,
Had fought the battles of the brave,
And honored by his heart's applause,
Had bade the patriot-standard wave.
And when was struck the last great blow,
He turned him to his distant home—
What *was* his home, alas! but now
All mournful turns the Muse therefrom.

IV.

Sad was the lustre of his eye,
Deep feeling marked its intense glow,
As entered 'neath his native sky,
The woodland breezes fanned his brow.
He hied him on with eager strides,
His gaze drank in each well known spot,
Till sudden in the glade he rides,
And sees—alas, his heart tells what!
'And it is even so,' cried he,
'The gale bore true the sad report—
Here lie my joys, my all, ah me!
Of vengeful blasts the yielding sport!
I heard, indeed, the woful tale,
My ears did hear, my mind heard not;
I thought of some portentous wail,
But indistinct the vision sought.
But now I feel the awful truth
Burst o'er my spirit dank and drear!

Banished all hope, banished all ruth,
And banished all that makes life dear!'
His soul had been bound up in aught
Save what to tenderness belong,
The mighty deeds of war had brought
Thoughts hardy, manly, great, and strong;
And now rush back affection's ties,
Yet freeze beneath misfortune's blight,
As stern December's storm-gusts rise
Around an infant's form so slight!

V.

'Ah, youth,' he cried to one that passed,
Sad havoc here the war hath made?'
'Yes, stranger; months have flitted fast
Since bloomed in beauty this sad glade.'
'Thou call'st me stranger—dost not know
The youth so fond of sportive game,
Whose ways from peaceful scenes did flow?
I know *thee*, Bradley is thy name.'
'What, Miron? can it surely be?
Art thou that sprightly, fav'rite lad?
Ah, thou art changed, thy tones all glee
Are tuned to sounds so deep, so sad!'

VI.

His restless eye the ruin viewed,
Yet toward the distance eager ranged.
Lo, yonder, in their solitude,
Unscathed by sword, by fire unchanged,

Still rose the church, his home near by,
Still stood the grave-yard's brier-grown tomb.
'Ah, woe is me! how did they die?
How did they meet the parting doom?'
His steed is left to paw the green,
His manly form in statliness went,
Yet low and pensive is his mien,
Like towering oak by fierce winds bent.
His father's cares, by strength long left,
Long since have brought him to his grave.
His mother thus of all was reft,
And lo, o'er both the willows wave!

VII.

He stood beside their graves in grief.
Plain and expressive was the stone.
A thousand ties in bold relief
Crowd on his vision sad and lone.
His mind rolled back to former days,
And culled mementoes of the past;
He thought of all their gentle ways,
And by-gone scenes flit o'er him fast.
'O my father! thou of sterling worth,
Of judgment strong, of heart *so* kind!
Too slightly did my soul, all mirth,
Repose in thy dear counsels find.
And O my mother! O that thou
Wert for one moment with thy son,
That thy son's heart might thank thee now
For all the cares for me thou e'er hast known!'

He bowed beneath the bitter blight,
  He mourned, he wept, the warrior wept;
Stern manhood yields to sorrow's might,
  As streams from Horeb's rock once swept!

VIII.

Young Bradley says, as wanes the hour,
  'Ah, trebly blasted are thy ties!
Thou lovedst, I ween, the village flower?'
  'Ah, what of her, my love?' he cries.
'Amid the raging of the war,
  Amid the ruin's fun'ral pyre,
They bore away the hapless fair,
  Yet, yet, she saw her sire expire.'
'And what of him, the good old man?'
  'He would have kept his daughter there,
To save her eagerly he ran,
  But met the dire steel cold and bare!'

IX.

His head reposed upon his breast,
  His eye assumed a pensive gaze,
The glories of the distant West
  Cast o'er his thoughtful brow their rays.
Long and intent his thoughts seemed placed
  Upon a sweet yet mournful theme.
Now sad reproach his features traced,
  Now tend'rest feelings softly beam.
She had, indeed, it would appear,
  Forgotten all their former love,

His letters and love-gifts ne'er
Had answer brought, her faith to prove.
Thus thought he, but he wronged her; O!
He knew not what the maid had borne;
His frank soul knew not that a foe
Could play deceit, deep and forlorn.
Thus thought he, but yet o'er his soul
Crept sweetly many a well known scene,
As mournfully he feels the whole
Of what they once had known and been!

X.

At length his eye caught sudden fire,
And burned, dilated, strong and keen;
Aloft his form rose, as in ire,
And high resolve stamped then his mien.
'And so 'tis thou hast wrought this woe,
Thou Arnold, of the traitor's name!
'Tis thou hast at one stroke laid low
This beauteous spot, to swell thy shame. (4)
As sure as in yon city's domes
Still lie my country's bitter foes, (5)
As sure as there in deathlike foams
Thy life all vile and bloody flows,
I'll hie me there, and there will prove'—
His tongue spake not his soul's resolve;
Firm set his teeth, no muscles move,
And deep his inward thoughts revolve;
'And then—and then'—he cried; once more
Deep sank the lustre of his eye,

And long his thoughts the future pore,
Till evening's dusky shades draw nigh ;
'Then will I to my country yield
My little all of mental worth ;
She's free, but still needs minds that wield
And fit her for the great of earth.'

XI.

Then calmness sat upon his brow :
'Come, Bradley, come away with me.'
'I would,' he said, 'in gladness go,
But in yon vacant dome hid treasures be.'
'A curse upon the treasures' den!
Come, view fierce spirits' awful clang!'
He came ; alas! young Miron then
Took to his breast a viper's fang!

XII.

His back is upon all he held most dear,
He gave one look, then pierced the dark wood drear!

* * * * * *

XIII.

The whisp'ring hum of busy life,
The thoroughpaths, with action rife,
Boomed strongly on the ear and eye ;
The walls, the domes, the towers, the spires,
Rose loftily, like thick-strown pyres
Ere yet ascend the flames on high.

A mighty army thronged the way,
And glittered 'neath the solar ray,
  And shrilly blew the warlike blast;
But Miron with a careless eye
Looked forth upon the pageantry
  Of armies, as in pomp they passed.

XIV.

Two forms of an aerial mould
Were compassed by the strong and bold,
  Like lilies 'mid the towering wood.
The one, all slight, and frail, and fair,
Trembled as would a leaf in air,
  As 'mid the crowd she frightened stood.
The other, with her dark bright eye,
And locks that floated carelessly,
  And form where graces marked each curve,
Stood mailed in dignity's true charm,
All fearless of the rushing swarm:
  Yet discontent sat on each nerve.

XV.

He saw, and 'twas but courtesy
That urged the youth in haste to fly
  And aid them to their wish's goal.
Delightful sped the transient hour,
Strange music thrilled with wak'ning power,
  And found an echo in his soul.

'Ah, maidens, this tumultuous scene,
By pomp and bustle ushered in,
But ill befit the frail and fair!'
'Ah yes!' a tone all richness streams
From that bright face where loftiness beams,
That showed a heart, a heart was there!

XVI.

Long shall the brightness of that mien,
That airy form with rapture seen,
The music of that silv'ry voice,
The splendor of that piercing eye,
Live like a dream all heavenly,
His heart's new care, his spirit's choice!
His was a soul that loved to soar
In search of Fancy's hidden store,
And revel freely round her throne;
His mind, creative and sublime,
Lacked not delight in any clime,
But culled enjoyment from her own.
But now concentred were his all,
Now Fancy's drooping pinions fall,
Yet hover o'er a single shrine.
Naught else could dwell within that soul
Where, sweet and lucid, bright and whole,
Those orbs of spotless radiance shine:
Those searching orbs! what though might be
Their firm expression proud and free?
Yet gentleness reposed there too.

Or it might be his manliness
Imposed a confidential grace,
And sweetness in her glances threw.

* * * * * *

XVII.

Art's every bright and glitt'ring boon
Decked that magnificent saloon,
Where in false pleasure's luring robe,
That dazzles and enslaves the globe,
Were gathered what the world calls joys,
Whate'er its time, its hopes employs ;
Were gathered what in pleasure's name
Men make their gods, their hearts' great aim.

XVIII.

There were bright smiles, in sweetest guise,
'Neath which perchance a heart-blight lies ;
There was the beauty of the earth,
All gay, all bright, all love, all mirth ;
But like a young crowned queen of May,
With look, and form, and tuneful lay
That drew the envy of the fair,
That seized men's hearts, and chained them there,
Cecilia sat, a matchless maid,
And Love's enchanting sceptre swayed :
Cecilia called, but at the name
She startled like a flick'ring flame.

XIX.

True as the magnet to the steel,
Th' attraction Miron's heartstrings feel.
Though he had naught to hide or fear,
Yet scenes he 'd acted far and near
Forbade his proper name. That hour's short page
Shall lengthened be an endless age.
She sat like queen bestowing favors,
All hues, all values, and all flavors:
Some drew a smile, some scorn, some naught,
But none obtained the favor sought.
But his is not the eye that draws
Aught but respect and heart's applause.
Not his the soul would e'er have deigned
To love a maid, her love ungained.
Swift sped, deep sank Love's arrowy glance,
Swift sped the soul-enchaining dance.
The wine passed freely 'mong the throng,
Exciting, whirling, oft and long.
Not this contaminates their blood,
Yet inward, like a boiling flood,
They feel it whirling mightier, higher,
Absorbing every mental fire,
And planting on their cheek the glow
That marks the Passion's burning flow.

XX.

Late waned the hour; forgot the hour
When hearts feel Love's luxurious power.

All in a fever's scorching flame,
All with a trembling, quickened frame,
He entered 'neath th' o'erarching sky,
Spread like a lovely scroll on high.
He felt upon his burning brow
The evening breezes gently blow;
But could it cool that torrid flame
That burns intense, unchanged, the same,
Within the heart of feeling made,
And fed by roving Fancy's aid?
'Tis not in outward circumstance
To trifle with the heart's deep trance.

XXI.

He restless tossed upon the down,
And called on Sleep his cares to drown.
Sleep binds the heedless in his chain,
But tries his mightiest spells in vain
Upon that heart where glisten long
The marks of Passion deep and strong.
Can ye from yon rock's surface sweep
The print there once engraven deep?
Or quench the mountain's wildfire's flame?
Or blot yon star's celestial fame?
Nor can ye quench Affection's blaze,
Nor obliterate deep Passion's rays
From off that noble heart where lives
For aye the impress love once gives!

XXII.

When morning tints the Eastern mount
With beams afresh from light's great fount,
Then broken is the awful spell;
Then may he sleep, sleep long and well;
Then may he sleep, nor heed the throng
That rushes turbulent along;
And swift as has the lifeblood flowed,
It now may roll a leaden load;
As long may roll dire Lethe's flood,
As swept the stream its torrent road:
Sleep till he wakes in deathlike pain,
Awakes to live all o'er again!

* * * * * *

XXIII.

High o'er the city's ample scene
Joyous the moonbeams brightly smiled,
And gayly cast their splendors wild
Upon that beauteous spot of green,
That slept with such a placid mien,
Surrounded by the glitt'ring domes,
From which the light all dazzling comes,
With force to reach the enshrined heart,
With force its wak'ning power t' impart;
Surrounded by the splashing foams
That glisten through the nights sweet glooms
From off the far extended waters,

From whose clear depths the starlight looms,
Like Ocean's own bright pearly daughters!

XXIV.

Love was the deep-exciting cause,
Blind Fortune was the careless guide,
As 'neath heaven's canopy so wide,
Embracing earth fair as a bride,
Two forms upon the scenery glide,
And walk while tumult makes a pause,
And Love the while his arrow draws.
Then Miron felt her flutt'ring form,
And could have clasped her to his heart;
He read those glances sweet and warm
Her downcast eyelids oft impart!

XXV.

'The brook that bubbles bright and clear
Once saw the earth's dark vaults so drear;
The ray that paints yon rainbow hue
Hath passed the cold and sordid dew;
Thus mortals woe and pain once knew;
But thou, Cecilia, seemest ne'er
T' have known the weight of keen despair?'
'Thou dost mistake, ah, who can tell'—
And words too big for utt'rance swell.
'Ah, who can tell—I see it well;
Well, be it so, misfortune's blot
Hath added beauty to thy lot,
Refined thy soul, and made thee what

Thou art—a prize near whom all love to dwell,
A prize who teachest man his pride to quell!
But now my heart may freely dote,
For now dread visions threat thee not?'
Cheered by his words, she too began
The picture's brighter side to scan;
Her limpid eye looked bright again;
Her heart grew fluttered; and her cheek
Bloomed with a crimson tell-tale glow;
Her breast heaved; her form pure as snow
Looked forth all passionate and meek!

XXVI.

That look! O for one moment more!
All would be well, all trouble o'er!
Again she looked, and had a ghost
Sprang up before her stark and thin,
Not startled more had been her mien!
He too gazed, and his eye seemed lost
For one short transient moment, then
Was with a fearful lustre glossed!
'So ho!' the phantom cried, and lo,
Fierce Arnold's is the dreadful voice!
'I guessed it well, 'tis even so,
What ho, attendants, seize her now;
She 's mine, not yours, mine was the choice;
And seize that hothead—stay, hold, no!'
Then distant Bradley, at the noise,
Turned him th' intruding cause to know;
'No,' Arnold cried, 'for mightier woe

Reserve that man, my mortal foe ;
But hold him there by force or blade,
And seize that stripling in his stead.'
His every word the men obeyed.
Then in her almost spousal charm,
But senseless of impending harm,
They bore away the hapless maid !

XXVII.

Then Miron, like a stag at bay,
Was taken only when his arm
Had strown with armed men the way.
Then caught, he raved with dreadful sway,
Like lion caged with loud alarm.
'Ha, fiend,' cries he, 'this only leads
Another warning from thy deeds,
Which, sure as it mine ire now feeds,
Thou soon shalt rue, when thy form bleeds
Down prostrate mong earth's vilest weeds !'

CANTO II.

THE ENCOUNTER.

I.

Ah, the cursed love of gain!
Ah, that proneness that would fain
Love's and Friendship's sweetness drain,
  And mix with waters vile!
Ah, that favored men should deign
E'er to yield a single pain,
E'er to wrong a single man,
  Or trusting hearts beguile,
Earn a traitor's shameful ban,
Suffer demons to remain
Round the heart with licensed rein,
  Because gold smiles the while!

II.

Satan binds more human hearts,
And gives them o'er to mis'ry's smarts,
By off'ring what vile trash imparts,
  Than every other snare;

Stalks lordlike 'mong these favored ones,
And spreads his gifts to his bright sons ;
Those gifts are woes, and murd'rous groans,
And burning hearts' despair !

III.

Alas, the cursed love of gold !
Once treasured, it ne'er quits its hold,
And arms the sinews of the bold,
But arms them 'gainst their friends !
Alas, the cursed love of gold !
It loosens all the ties unrolled
The feelings of the heart to mould,
While blighted hope attends !

IV.

Hours sped ; down sank the moon's bright ray ;
And awful was the darkness then ;
Not one sweet beam proclaims the day,
Or streaks the stilly haunts of men !
Young Miron's is a fitful dream,
As there he sits, a care-worn man,
And wanders 'twixt his fancy's theme
And anger's sway all dread and wan.
'Not even,' cried he in his grief,
And stifled words deep inward rolled,
'Not even heard, a sweet relief,
The story of her troubles told :
Just when the heart's dear cords grew tight,
And would have bound her ever mine ;

Just when love's hallowed delight
Two hearts for ever would entwine ;
Then, then uprose the wily ghost :
Alas, I 'm doomed but to be tost
The sport of hell's vindictive host !
Ah, all is lost ! ah, all is lost !

V.

' All is lost ! what means that word ?
All is lost ! ha, say'st thou so ?
Must then the wicked's direful sword
The virtuous conquer ? Never, no !
Just Heaven shall yet attonement make,
And cross that rebel's guilty path ;
Just Heaven's avenging arm shall wake,
And shield the spotless from hell's wrath.
And I shall be the instrument ;
I feel mine arm grow wondrous strong ;
The knotty oak shall yet be bent,
And fall with echo loud and long.
And then I 'll hie me to my bride,
Defiance bid to all beside.
But then, ' She 's mine, not yours,' he cried ;
Believe it not, he basely lied.'

VI.

His full eye glistened, and his brow
Stood like a shield, firm, high, and grand ;
His arm menaced the frequent blow,
And freely waved in dread command !

'How 's this ? what ! Bradley ? is it thou ?
How camest thou here ? what aided thee ?
Hast any news to utter ? how
Cecilia ? where, O where, is she ?'

VII.

He seemed so haggard, and he spake
In such subdued and mournful sound,
His lips with such a tremor quake,
He looked so breathlessly around,
That Bradley's calm and sedate eye
Grew troubled, shrank with quailing glance ;
His heart misgave the conjured lie ;
Hell all but lost that glorious chance.
'Speak,' cried Miron, as he thought
The look bespoke portending woe,
'Speak, I bid thee ; hide it not ;
Or weal or woe, the truth I 'll know.'
The stripling's eye that moment fell
Upon the glitter of the gold—
The golden ring—the pledge of hell—
And thus his wily tale he told :

VIII.

'Long was the path, and drear, and lone,
And far from city's dusky walls,
The cunning Arnold led us on,
Beneath the night's now moonless palls,
Till yonder, where, all bleak and drear,
A prison-seeming mansion towers :

There, wrapt in darkness' sable gear,
Cecilia counts the leaden hours.
They bound me not. I 'scaped the wall,
The darkness aided, and I fled.
The countersign I heard one call,
Be quick, we yet may free the maid.'

IX.

'She then is well? then by my sword—
What ho! for action! haste! arouse!'
Then artful Bradley caught the word,
'But shalt thou go? she 's not thy spouse.'
The thought with woe o'ercast his eye,
A trouble crossed his forehead too,
He pondered well but transiently,
And mournful then his aspect grew.
'It must not be, I 've not the right
Should Arnold's words prove truth indeed;
It must not be, urge then thy flight,
My message guard, hot be thy speed!
But hold, the signal of the night?'
'The countersign? thou 'lt have no need.'
'The countersign, without delay!'
Quick answer then he made, I trow,
And gave the word, then urged his way.
'Thy course,' says Miron, 'I must know.'

X.

That message—'twas a noble one!
In Honor's spotless accents flowed,

And spake in Passion's purest tone!
His heart therein all open glowed!
It craved his burning love's requite,
It swore protection sure and free,
It begged t' accept him as her knight,
And from the base intruder flee.
Poor, noble youth! he gave his all;
His name attends the scroll; his freed
Heart bounds in rapture at the call,
'My message guard, hot be thy speed!'

XI.

The youth looked forth upon the night.
Thick gloom o'erspeads the world below.
'Twas such a darkness as it might
Almost curdle the lifeblood's flow.
He turned him from the cheerless earth,
And bared his visage to the stars.
It bore the stamp of conscious worth,
Not one sore thought its radiance mars.

XII.

'Now may ye shine, ye peerless orbs,
Ye sweetest charmers of the mind!
Now my glad heart your gifts absorbs,
And joyful bounds, free as the wind.
For now no more Misfortune's blight
Shall nip my heart's hopes in their bud,
But through my wounded soul Delight
Shall pour once more her balmy flood!

O thou watchest for men's weal!
Now, now shall I thy off'rings clasp,
Now shall my raptured spirit feel
Her highest wish within her grasp!'

XIII.

Once more evoked from lofty heaven,
By mortal's prayer, for mortal's need,
O list ye to the answer given
By her from whom all joys proceed!
Lucid as crystal is her throne,
Within the halo of yon star!
The Goddess clothed in light looks down
Upon the nether dark afar!

XIV.

'Ask'st thou of me, in boldness tone,
My pure, and bright, and simple joys,
While mounted on thy heart's dear throne
Revengefulness thy life employs,
And while thy spirit feeds its flame,
And thirsts for blood, for human blood,
Then turns, and to rewards lays claim
Due to the virtuous and the good?
Ask'st thou of me, who ne'er yield aught
But Love, a sanction of that heart
Where Passion burns, with anguish fraught,
And bids each other joy depart,—
Within the vortex of whose flame
Sinks every other faculty,

Sinks ev'n Religion's power and name,
  Which makes life flow so happily ?
Know, then, of such are not my gifts,
  My gifts are pure from all alloy,
And are of heaven ; their influence lifts
  The soul above all sordid joy !
Go, if thy heart must writhe and boil
  In Passion's whirling, madd'ning foam,
Then go, and meet its dread recoil,
  And bitterness that flows therefrom !
For Passion's power for ever stings ;
  Its road by Misery is trod ;
Then learn by what Experience brings
  The path to Virtue and to God !'

XV.

The Goddess in her anger glowed
  As bright as was her own fair star,
Then in her heavenly chariot rode
  To greet fair Morning's golden car !

* * * * * *

XVI.

A yellow tinge began to streak
  The clouds that lowly in the East
  Outspread their snowy, fleece-like breast.
The hidden sun's white beams slow break
Upon the darkness that still lay
On earth, to change its hue to grey.

XVII.

Nor sleep, nor rest, nor peaceful dreams
Have aught to do with him whose eye
Long glows with thought's intensest gleams.
With glow that marked the fever high,
With brow whence thought's strong radiance beams,
Young Miron walked in anger by,
And left the city's dusky lanes,
And bounded toward the wide campaigns.

XVIII.

'Must it be so? must all the wrong
I've borne so frequent and so long
From that vile wretch's guilty hand
Revenge in common method know,
And by fair Honor's high command?
And must the rebel's lifeblood flow
The lifeblood of a challenged foe?
He is not worthy of such death;
A man so vile should yield his breath
In keenest agony and woe.
But 'tis the only honored way
That 's open to an injured man
By which his mortal foe to lay
Where he can injure not again.

XIX.

'Then be it so—the mighty wreck
That, spectre-like, above the spot

Where joy and beauty cast their lot
Now stands so drear, like robes to deck
The dwellers of gaunt Death's dark grot,—
Their guiltless blood that stains with red
The pale white ashes of the dead,—
The injury done to that young maid
Who was the primrose of the glade,
With whom my early boyhood strayed,—
Cecilia, too, thy victim made,
Whose charms within thy prison lie,—
All rise up vivid 'fore my eye,
And by each dear dissevered tie
Demand thy death, and thou must die!'

XX.

His step grew quick, while his flushed face
The flashings of dread anger told,
An anger such as it might chace
The soul from body to behold!
Thus walks he while morn hies apace,
And clearer beams the scenery trace,
Till yonder, where, in gloom arrayed,
Those dreary-looking walls arise,
Surrounded by the wood's dark shade.
'And there is my heart's all,' he cries,
'And there the scene of action lies!'

XXI.

He pierced the darkness of the wood,
He pierced a deep recess which stood

Encompassed by th' o'erarching trees,
Encompassed by the thick green leaves,
'Mong which the vine its tendrils weaves.
A figure in his front he sees,
Another's glimpse just caught his view,
And branches waved as by the breeze.
(He broke up council then, but knew
It not, nor guessed what was too true.)

XXII.

'Who enters there?' then met his ear.
'Thy mortal foe,' was answer meet,
'Ha, ha, well met—nay, why so fleet?'
He trembled with a coward's fear—
'Then down, vile man, and hide thee there
Amid the grass!' but Arnold then
Stood firm and of collected mien.
'Nay, think not thus,' he says, 'to scare
The man who never feared a foe,
Hath sworn upon thy head such woe
As hell's supreme art can prepare.
I could have wished thy life to spare
To feel still more my bitter hate,
But if thou wilt, then meet thy fate.'

XXIII.

Fierce Miron says, 'Thou doest well
To claim relationship with hell:
'Tis plain thy talent to torment
The beauteous, virtuous, and the good,

And stain thy cursed hands with blood,
And froth and foam in fiend-like mood,
Was from the lower regions sent.
'Tis plain thy power thus to show
A bold man's front before thy foe
Was given thee from thy home below.
But dost thou wish more sure to know
The secrets of that home? then go—
Then draw thy blade, and learn to feel
The keenness of avenging steel!'

XXIV.

Like bloodhound leaping on his way,
Like eagle from the craggy rock,
Like lightning's all-destructive shock,
Fierce Miron bounds upon his prey.
His sword hung threat'ning from above,
Like thunderbolt of mighty Jove;
Down sped the blow in deaf'ning clang,
As steel on steel tremendous rang!
'Tis Arnold's then to try his force
To turn the weapon from its course.
At length the blade aside he flings,
Then turns and like an adder stings.

XXV.

Then Miron backward hies a space.
He keenly feels the bitter foil.
Hot anger glows upon his face,
Yet cautiously he marks his pace,

And turns him to renew the toil.
Still Arnold wards away each blow,
Still frequent draws the crimson flow.
Unheeding slighter wounds, his foe
Dealt blows that made his frame recoil,
And closed in awful, deadly strife.
His blade, with death each instant rife,
Played dang'rous round the seat of life.
Hard 'twas to live in such alarm,
Hard to ward off th' impending harm.
His burning eye in anger flashed,
His strength grew dreadful, and his arm
Down with tremendous echo crashed;
In twain the blade of Arnold broke,
And made free passage for the stroke;
Deep sank the gash within his side,
And fitful gushed the blackened tide!

XXVI.

Prone fell the man upon the green.
A ray from yon sun's rising flood
Pierced through the deeply shaded scene,
And streamed upon the welling blood!
'Lie there, vile wretch, of rav'nous beasts the prey!'
He spurned him with his foot, then turned away.

CANTO III.

THE BILLET-DOUX.

I.

Too late, too late, alas! alas!
  Too late th' avenging death-blow fell;
The blood that 's spilt can ne'er erase
  The pains that with the virtuous dwell.
It had been well his life had flown
  Another's victim from the field,
Could it have saved one bitter groan
  The innocent were made to yield.
The snare is woven for the feet
  Of those that in the pathway walk.
They kill the weaver of the net,
  But on to certain ruin stalk.
The pois'nous serpent winding by
  In death's keen agonies hath writhed,
But left the fatal fang to lie
  Deep in th' avenging victim sheathed.
The evil spirit that hath roamed,
  Destroying all in fiercest rage,
Long on his dire intent hath foamed,
  Hath done his work, and left the stage.

II.

It likewise pierced—that ray of light
That streamed from yon exulting ball,
Dispersed the shadows of the night,
And pierced the death-scene's gloomy pall—
It likewise pierced that casement high
That stood upon the towering wall,
So lone and gloomy to the eye;
It pierced within that spacious hall
Where sat a solitary fair,
So beautiful, so full of love,
You would have asked how came she there,
And thought her home were high above!

III.

A pensiveness o'ercasts her face,
A fairy hand supports it there.
Her form was of a matchless grace,
Marked by the sun's refulgent glare.
Her eye was bright and looked away;
Intenseness marked its fervent gaze;
A glow upon her cheek would play;
Her lip thus oft her heart betrays:
'He will not leave me here to pine,
The victim of a wretch's aim?
He will not here my heart consign
To burn with disappointed flame?
He will not leave me? noble youth!
His eye seemed kind; I don't mistake;

His look bespake a soul all truth;
He will not leave my heart to break!'

IV.

A message came, as in that dome
She gazed upon the glorious morn,
Purporting from her love t' have come,
And by his *faithful servant* borne.
Not 'Miron' is the word that came,
Like to a guardian spirit's spell—
A sovereign charm had been that name,
All doubt t' expell, all fear to quell.
He never could have sent it: no,
How diff'rent from the one he sent!
Its purport was of darker flow,
Unhallowed seemed the thing it meant.

V.

Quick to her forehead mounts the blood,
Insulted dignity's strong mail!
Then backward to her heart it flowed,
And left her cheek like marble pale!
Long was the struggle in her heart,
And seemed to rend its every tie,
Between her blighted love's keen smart,
And wounded pride, that mounted high!
The former told her hopeless woe,
And almost bade her life stand still;
The latter seemed alone to show
The anger of a lofty will!

VI.

'Ah,' says the hapless maid, 'I thought
My heart at last had found its home;
Many of earth's cold hearts had sought
To drown my life in guilty foam,
But *he*, ah *he*, was one my heart
All joyful told me I could trust;
I guessed not that a tempter's art
His fang in such a form could thrust!

VII.

'Enough, enough, know, all the world,
The firmness of a woman's mind!
Not all thy poisoned arrows hurled
An entrance to my heart can find.
How false was Nature to her care
To give that youth such heavenly grace!
Ah, my poor heart! where now, O where,
Wilt thou find rest, and joy, and peace?
Away! the world is full of woe!
Hath not wherein my heart can dwell!
Away, away, go, quickly go,
To die in some secluded cell!'

VIII.

'O list ye to the plaintive song
That comes from yon lone, humble roof,
Dark, solemn shades and rocks among,
From social joys far, far aloof!

Its notes fall sweetly on the ear,
In full, and rich, yet mournful sound!
The woods its swelling echo bear
In clear yet feeble strains around!

IX.

'Throb on, thou heart, that beatest still,
In feebler echo flowing!
Flame on, thou fire, that burnest still,
In fainter ardor glowing!
I love to behold life's ebb,
And look on its weakened web!

'The world is cold—the world is hot—
It freezes and it burns!
Ah, hapless is the woman's lot
That in its whirling mazes turns!
How cold is the world's false smile!
How hot its deceptive guile!

'Ah, feeble is the vital flow,
Soon will its throbs be o'er;
The pulse of life is flutt'ring low,
Oh, would that it were lower!
I love to behold life's wane,
And look on the vital drain!

'Oh, sweetly in this lone spot glide
The rays of evening hue!

I 've bid adieu to all beside,
And soon shall leave this too !
Oh, sweet is this spot to me,
The last I shall ever see !

'When shall I die ? when shall I die ?
I long to be away !
When shall I die ? O why, O why,
Do I so long delay ?
Oh, when shall I yield my breath ?
Oh, when wilt thou come, sweet death ?

* * * * * *

X.

'All needlessly thine offer came,
Thine epithets but illy sound,
Give not him 'base intruder's' name
To me by honored tie firm bound.'
Such answer Miron's message fetched,
To bid the heart-blight o'er him come ;
It came from where his note had reached,
That note reached not its destined home.
'Twas signed 'Cecilia ;' well was played
The game the tempter had essayed.'

XI.

The blade yet in his clenched hand stood
That still reeked with her lover's blood !

As if a thunderbolt had broke
Upon his head with stunning stone,
As if his frame at once had grown
A statue chiseled from the stone,
So bursts upon his heart the shock,
So stood he moveless as the rock!

XII.

Not from his firm-set lip is heard
The utt'rance of a single word.
Not his the loud alarm of pain
That writhes, and straight is cool again.
No working of a muscle showed
That life within the body flowed.
Hard was th' expression of the face,
And furrows o'er the forehead trace.
Dread might have been the heart-blood's flow,
No sign thereof the features show,
Nor tell the heavy, mighty pain
That settles o'er the lab'ring brain!

XIII.

It was the combat that is known
To manhood in his pride alone,
Between a strong mind's high command
And iron grasp of Passion's hand!
For thrice he thought to sink and die,
And thrice he roused his soul on high.
Thrice o'er his brain thick darkness lowers,
And all but breaks his reason's powers,

But thrice the might of stubborn will
Rules conqueror, and cries be still.
Thrice that red blade he fiercely clenched
Was all but in his heart's blood drenched,
But thrice his mother's prayer and sigh
And lesson rose before his eye,
And thrice he spurned the murd'rous plan,
And towered aloft a godlike man!

* * * * * *

XIV.

O ye upon whose honored head
Is placed the guidance of life's way,
Ye who the road man 's doomed to tread
Point out with an unerring sway,
O ye whose power upon man's lot
Is founded in affection's ties,
Who in his infancy fail not
To lead the course his pathway lies,—
Ye mothers, and ye guides!
Ye more to man than all besides!
O take good heed and guide your tender care
Where virtue, happiness, and safety are!

Thou mother of the helpless! mould
Thy tender trust with earnest care;
And even should thy counsel hold
No weight upon the listless ear,
Should the attention seem but cold
To all thou doest, yet ne'er despair;

Though on life's ocean tost,
Thy charge shall not be lost,
But dwell unquenched a spark within his soul,
Which shall be kindled, sure as time shall roll.

Should 'mid the quicksands that attend
The sea of life his bark be cast,
Or should he feel the tempter rend
His soul as with a freezing blast,
Then, then, shall thy dear counsels blend
Their sweetness in his heart at last;
He 'll to those counsels fly,
And live, and shall not die.
Then shalt thou reap the blessing of thy son—
Reward for all the pains thou e'er hast known.

XV.

Thus conquered he the dreadful strife
That all but cut the thread of life.
Thus was the boiling heat that raged
Within his lab'ring breast assuaged,
Freed from the awful mental pain,
Then Miron is himself again.

XVI.

But not thus passeth from his mind
The sting remembrance leaves behind.
Not thus is passed the sickened spell
That o'er his heart dark-boding fell.

Where'er he looks, where'er he goes,
The melancholy darkly rose.
All things that o'er his vision stream
Filled with the mournful spirit seem.
He walks all lonely 'mid the crowd,
And feels his lofty spirit bowed.

XVII.

For if in restlessness of soul
He should again o'er those scenes stroll
Where with Cecilia he had walked,
And in delicious converse talked,
An agony was o'er him thrown,
Like scorchings of the hot Simoon.
Then came the thought she was not his,
But he had poisoned all her bliss!
The thought seemed more than he could bear,
He turns away, unheeding where.

XVIII.

His mental rovings to bring down,
His all-pervading cares to drown,
Should he excitement seek among
The giddy, pleasure-seeking throng,
And whirl amid the reckless gay,
And while away the quick sped day,
And deeply drink the pois'nous bowl,
That maddens and imbrutes the soul,
He might awhile forget the truth
That was designed to teach his youth,

But when the hours their influence bring,
Deeper has sunk the poisoned sting,
Lower has fallen his self-respect,
In viewing thus his spirit wrecked.

XIX.

Then wouldst thou view him when away,
Secluded from the eye of day?
Go mark him when night spreads her palls,
And silence o'er creation falls.
His mind seems lost as in a dream
Upon a bright, a distant theme.
And then a sudden thought would bring
A gloom, as of a darksome wing.
His thoughts are in deep mazes lost,
His blood is in a fever tost,
He turns and looks upon the night,
A cooling breeze, a lovely sight.
Earth robed in Beauty's garb the while
Glows cheerful 'neath the Moon's bright smile.
Like gath'ring mists before his eyes,
Thick gloomy feelings o'er him rise.
All seems so innocent he turns
To look upon a heart that burns!

XX.

A storm perchance o'ercasts the sky,
And thunders mightily on high,
Whence floods in sweeping torrents roll,
While darkness settles o'er the pole:

Then joyously he views the storm,
And feels all gladsome 'mid th' alarm!
Once more he looks; the sky is clear,
And once more Nature seemeth fair;
The wet drops on earth's surface lie,
Yon Moon hangs lower in the sky,
As if, in sympathetic grace,
To kiss the tears from Nature's face!
His soul then weeps—I would not say
The tears upon his cheek found way—
But his *soul* mourns because there were
None, none who would his sorrows share!
Tired nature calls him to repose,
If such thou nam'st his sleeping throes;
For fitful dreams and visions deep
Disturb the quiet of his sleep!

XXI.

And thus the dismal days flow on,
As by an evil spirit drawn.
Forgotten was the high Resolve
That seemed his future life t' involve;
Forgot the good he had designed,
All but the one care of his mind!

XXII.

But 'twas not all he 's doomed to bear—
One other woe is left beside—
Cecilia, beautiful and fair,
Hath like a blighted flow'ret died!

His *faithful servant* brought the word,
That o'er his wasted spirit fell
As when by the bereaved is heard
The tolling of the sad death-knell!

XXIII.

'I can no longer curb my heart,
I can no longer bear the smart
My own stained hands have wrought;
I seem an outcast in the land—
An instrument of hell's command,
And by its votaries sought!

'I'll haste away, and wander far,
Where others' bliss I may not mar,
An outcast thus I'll roam.
Bound bravely on, my noble steed,
Let not the wind surpass thy speed—
The world is now my home!'

END OF PART II.

PART III.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Yet if the germ of virtue live,
Let constant faith her sufferings brave;
Goodness is powerful to forgive,
And Heaven omnipotent to save!

Cupid and Psyche.

Still looking to that goal sublime
Whose light remote but sure they see,
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity!

Moore.

CANTO I.

THE TRAVELER.

I.

Above those cultivated plains
  Where man hath placed his frequent haunt.
And decked them with his beaten lanes,
  And cities full of wealth and want,—
How beauteous is the emerald flow
  Of Hudson rolling in its might!
How like a seraph come below
  To cheer earth with unwonted light!
While from the sparkling waters glance
  The quivering of the heavenly beam,
And dark rich foliage-shadows dance
  Within the deep and clear blue stream!
And while along the verdant plain,
  The pearly isles, the laughing meads,
Borne briskly onward toward the main,
  Its winding path it gayly leads!

II.

Upon its gently winding dales
  Gazing with an admiring eye,

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A stranger's breast its glories hails,
As quietly he wanders by.
Composure sat upon his face,
Yet there was something in his mien
From which the mind a proof would trace
His path 'neath trouble's sky had been.
But bitter as might be the woe
The youth in early prime had drank,
And if he e'er had learned to know
The vale of error dread and dank,
Yet now a mildness mantles o'er
The brow, and sits upon the cheek;
A calm like that of Him of yore
Who was the meekest of the meek!

III.

And in that Meekest of the meek
His heart at last had found in joy
There was a refuge for the weak
And for the strong which cannot cloy.
For he had found that Man of grief,
That Man who from experience knows
The thorns of life, could yield relief
From all our guilt and all our woes!

IV.

And on his forehead's high expanse
Stood intellect's sublimest stamp;
And from his eye shone forth the glance
Of mental fire's Heaven-kindled lamp;

And he who ever gazed upon
The mind that o'er the features ran,
And marked the great expression thrown
Around the bearing of the man,
Had guessed that mind in life had known
A training of a loftier kind,
And fuller, richer, than hath shone
But seldom o'er an earthly mind!

V.

He 'd passed the ordeal of the heart,
And through the maze of Passion whirled;
Prepared by what all these impart,
His eyes are opened on the world.
And he had wandered, too, among
The wide spread countries of the earth,
And culled, as thus he roamed among
The nations, gems of highest worth.
The varied suns of many climes
Had poured their off'rings at his feet,
And records of departed times
Rise up his spirit's gaze to greet.

VI.

He 'd trod beneath that glowing sky
Where Eastern splendor lies unfurled,
And where in storied grandeur lie
The relics of an ancient world;
Where man in burning zeal had planned
The mightiest, proudest works entwined

In pomp that power and high command
E'er gave to an aspiring mind!
Where loftiest fabrics of the globe
And mightiest cities now lie ranged
In ruin, clothed in Nature's robe,
Nature alone untouched, unchanged.

VII.

And he had viewed those relics too
Which round that favored land are stored
Where 'neath Heaven's rich, protecting dew
Once lived the People of the Lord!
Where He he served, in lowly guise,
First placed his foot on earthly dross,
And felt his life's keen agonies,
And died his death upon the cross!

VIII.

That other land; that land of lands
To him whose eye looks o'er
The ancient world, and there demands
The height, the depth, of classic lore;
That land where lie the proud remains
Of works of a primeval taste;
Upon the stillness of whose plains
Are proudest monuments in waste;
Greece! mighty Greece! she with her urns
Of mighty dead, her trophies wide,
Shows him her glories as he turns
To look upon her fallen pride!

IX.

He had beheld the ruined works
  She spreads as gifts of other times,
Round which each bright remembrance lurks
  In joy, like music's choicest chimes;
Had drank those intellectual streams
  That from her gifted ones had sprung;
Imbibed those broad and lustrous gleams
  Of mental day her sons had flung
Upon the gaze of favored man,
  And mingling them with that bright shower
Of light that from new sources ran,
  He felt the charm of mental power!

X.

And thou, too, O thou mighty Rome!
  Thou, if the wand'rer's mind would scan
Thy pomp, rich lessons bringest home
  To mental and to moral man.
Those glowing scenes around thee cast,
  Where in harmonious numbers flung
Upon thy harp, in ages past,
  Thine own immortal poets sung;
And those proud monuments thy breast
  Still nurses with enduring care,
That have withstood Time's mighty test,
  And gifts of thy great heroes are;
The pomp that once all dazzling shone
  Upon thy mightiest ones, who rolled

In power upon thy throne,
Decked with the purple and the gold;
Still live and glow amid the wrecks
That Time hath wrought to deck thy brow;
Still live, and their high influence breaks
Upon his soul who wand'reth now;
Still live, and shall for ever live
A region where his mind shall long
Cull richest thoughts, and joyous give
Its powers to dwell its scenes among!

XI.

And he had gazed on Nature's mien,
And offered up, a pleasing duty,
His heart's warm feelings o'er the scene
That decks Italia's modern beauty!
And he had wandered 'mong the high
And haughty walls that on earth's plain
Rear their proud frontlets to the sky,
The relics of a Feudal reign!
And he had read those footprints deep
Which Time had on the nations wrought,
And culled whate'er their histories keep
To mould the mind, to train the thought.

XII.

Thus scattered was the mazy gloom
That over Miron's spirit came;
He found there still on earth was room
For action, joy, and honored name.

And thus he wakes ; as break the clouds
  Before the glories of the morn,
So fall from Miron's mind its shrouds
  Beneath the light that Time hath borne.
He wakes and finds the past hath been
  Like to a fitful vision's sway ;
That of his life each varied scene
  Hath been a torch to light his way.

XIII.

And he hath learned the lofty might
  Belonging to man's favored soul—
That spark from the great Fount of Light,
  That part of the great Spiritual Whole !
Imbued with the sublimity
  Of intellectual command,
That springs from contact full and free
  With olden time, and foreign land,
He turns him to his native sky,
  With joy he views its scenes once more,
Ere yet from his bright brow and eye
  Have passed the marks of youthhood o'er.

XIV.

Returns and seems to have attained
  The height of dignity and worth ;
He feels his lofty spirit reined
  For high emprise 'mid sons of earth.
Not that he raised himself on high
  In pomp of outward circumstance,

Not that ever from his eye
Shot forth a proud superior glance;
But 'twas the native dignity
Spread like a garment o'er his brow,
That marked him kind, that marked him free
From all things haughty, base, and low.

XV.

He knows full well to use his powers
For his own good and others' bliss,
And o'er his head are copious showers
Of thanks and kind remembrances.
His mind, too, wandereth sublime
Amid creations of its own,
Creations with which joyous chime
His pantings toward the heavenly throne!
But still, with all his spirit's might,
There was a lacking at his heart,
A longing for some one to light
His path with ever cheering art—
One who was worthy to be known
The partner of his every hour,
That all that it e'er calls its own
His heart might o'er her loved head shower.
And this the only care that falls
Upon his heart a leaden load;
Its mighty, grievous weight appals
His proud advance up Reason's road.

XVI.

Upon those times when he had seen
Such deepened woe he may not look,
Like dreams of things which ne'er had been,
To think on which he cannot brook.
But toward those scenes of early life
Where passed the hours of soft delight
He often, from deep mental strife,
Directs his retrospective sight.
He finds a freshness in the view
Of childhood's innocence and joy,
Which takes away, like falling dew
Upon the waste, each dead alloy!

* * * * * *

XVII.

He passeth now amid the worth
That crowds upon thy wide spread land,
Child of the West—of glorious birth—
O bright Colombia, fair and grand!
Thou with thy thousand lovely hills,
Thy picturesque and broad campaigns,
Thy mighty rivers and thy rills,
The new-born cities of thy plains,
Thy fame extended on each blast,
Of the whole world the rising hope,
Yieldest thy gifts, a rich repast,
To him who toward thy skies looks up!

XVIII.

And lo, he wand'reth by that stream,
That mighty river of the North,
Which like the charms that deck a dream
Poureth its sparkling waters forth!
He eager wand'reth there to see
Its mighty rushings fitly chime
With charms that deck so beauteously
A cool but lovely Northern clime!
He wand'reth there beneath that sky
Where lingers still the warlike story,
From whose inspiring scenery rise
Remembrances of warlike glory!

XIX.

He passeth o'er that hallowed spot
On which few transient days ago
Proud Freedom's daring sons had fought
And won the conquest of the foe;
O'er that spot, too, where he of pride, (6)
Who went forth full of hope and power,
Found Fortune was a fickle guide,
And bowed his head while war-blasts lower.
He lingers here to roam abroad
O'er scenes by martial glory crowned,
To tread the dust by heroes trod,
The Hudson's lovely banks around—
That river and the circling hills
The only monuments which show

The place of that triumph which fills
Each human breast with martial glow!

XX.

A mansion rears its stately walls
Amid the scenery of the stream,
And opens wide its spacious halls,
And giveth welcome cheer to him
Who through the spot a stranger goes:
The stranger's name hath gone before,
And he is known as one of those
Who planted Freedom's youthful power.
And his bright intellectual grace,
And bearing dignified and true,
Prepare for him a welcome place
And part among the social few.

XXI.

He finds a joy in ling'ring there
Partaker of the friendly cheer,
Enjoying converse rich and rare
On scenes of many a by-gone year,
On many wonders of the past,
On deeds of many heroes too,
On present prospects flitting fast
Before the moralizer's view.

XXII.

Not these alone the charms that bind
Him to the spot so well and strong,

But she, to whom each grace of mind,
Each grace of form and eye, belong,
She who with maiden dignity,
And soul that riseth free and fair,
Unites such soft humility
And mildness free from troubled care,
She with the brow like marble fair,
The eye of feeling, cheek of snow,
She, the daughter, binds him there
With tend'rest cords but strongest too!

XXIII.

Florilla was the daughter's name—
A name that he had known before.
A sudden start came o'er her frame,
A stifled sound almost broke o'er
The startled ear, when first her eye
Fell on the look of Miron's mien;
And then a soft tinge mantling high
The pallor of her cheek was seen;
And then all calm and undisturbed
She sat in dignity and grace,
Every uneasy feeling curbed,
Each lovely trait upon her face.

XXIV.

He, as in thoughtful mood he viewed
His new employ for fancy's gaze,
When far away in solitude,
Thus ruminates in wand'ring maze:

'And so, Florilla is the name—
A name of beauty, and the last
To bid my mind adieu—the same
That lives 'mid mem'ries of the past.
But why my mind so prone to roam
Upon that other, hapless one?
Why o'er my spirit doleful come
These thoughts of that dark scene so lone?
But why that start, and stifled sound,
And crimson blush that followed then?'
For one short moment he seems bound
In chains of woe and thoughts of pain:
'But 'tis not so; he said she died;
She 's dead, if he but spake the truth;
I 'll probe him to the quick, and glide
Within the secrets of the youth.
But no, 'tis vain, why should one thought
Mar his fair character and soul?
I always faith have in him sought,
And found it pure and bright and whole.'

XXV.

But listen to the mournful word
That springs from lone Florilla's mind,
As round her spirit seem to gird
The present with the past entwined:
'He knows me not; he doth not know
In me the one with whom, a child,
He used abroad well pleased to go.
Nor is it strange; I ne'er in wild

Conjecture from his looks could scan
In him who now walks forth with powers
Of highest stamp, a gifted man—
Ne'er scan the form of childhood's hours.
But why did I in weakness let
That foolish signal from me 'scape,
As if the dire suspicion met
My mind in truth, of frightful shape?
I might have known a mind so low,
And full of dread deceit and strong,
Doth not belong to that man—no,
Nor ever did nor could belong
To that man from whose brow and eye
Shine forth those beams so mild and rare—
That man whose soul is cast in high
And honored mould, and pure, and fair!'

* * * * * *

XXVI.

Time rapid speeds; unheeded speeds.
The hours on their swift pinions flew,
And bore amid departed deeds
The joys of these delighted two!
For she was worthy to be known
The equal of the gifted youth;
With soul, like his, from which there shone
Each nobler trait, and love of truth;
A soul whose light all purely came
In streams from bright devotion's fire,

And joined with feeling's gentler flame,
And thoughts that noblest thrills inspire!
He found her one who breathed a bright
And cheering influence o'er his head,
One who filled up with richest light
The dark that o'er his heart was shed.

XXVII.

'Twas not that tasteless, joyless cup
That 's drained in one short passing hour,
Nor yet that fire that swalloweth up
Each other joy within its power,—
But 'twas the high companionship
That 's meet for an immortal soul,
Where favored man may gladly sip
Of purest streams, which heavenward roll;
Communion whose enjoyments go
As wide as mental might extends,
As deep as is the joyous flow
Of feeling, such as purity lends,
As high as is that unseen throne
Round which bloom joys in endless youth,
Which pours in sparkling beauty down.
Fresh rivers of revealed truth!

CANTO II.

THE RE-ENCOUNTER.

I.

Gray twilight 'gan to spread her wing,
And soft to fall the gentle dew ;
But still their bright influence they fling
On rural roofs but thin and few,
Where men their habitations knew.
But on the *native scenes* are thrown
Whate'er sad twilight calls her own.
Its gloomy pall hangs o'er the hill
That stood like watchtower for the scene,
For that vale whence the eye might glean
The beauties of that stream so still,
Winding along with placid mien !

II.

But indistinctly might be viewed
Two forms of men, as on they rove
Upon the hill in solitude
And gloom that 's heightened by a grove.
The one, who stood in mien above
The other, seemed in thoughtful mood.

'And has it come to this? I dread
To break the trust we've known so long,
But cannot bear suspicion strong,
That hangs like millstone o'er my head.
'Then forth it must.' Aloud he said:

III.

'Long have we roamed together free,
And viewed together many lands,
And great the trust I 've given thee;
But thou rememberest, ere we
Had moored our bark on foreign strands,
And yet in yonder city stayed,
Rememberest a certain maid,
And that thou told me she was dead,
But tell me, Bradley, did she die?'
'Yes' was the hasty word he said.
He spake too quick, his voice was high
And bold when first he spake, but lo,
It faltered ere the word was through.

IV.

'Hark, Bradley, and thou hear'st no sound;
Silent as death is all around;
A darkened gloominess hath bound
The spot; these tell thee of that world
Where every truth shall be unfurled;
And tell me, Bradley, did she die?'
Abashed he stood, nor made reply.

'An honest soul alone is free;
Deceive me not, nor bring on thee
The charge of a dishonored lie;
And tell me, Bradley, did she die?'
He faltered low and tremblingly,
'I'll tell thee all'—a sudden crack
Rang on the air, and Bradley fell,
And mutely bade the world farewell;
A streaming blaze from yonder dell
Shone transiently upon the back
Of a retreating foe, as well
He may pursue his rapid track.

V.

Now Miron every nerve may strain
The direful murderer to gain,
Try all his speed, in vain, in vain,
Back to the servants of the law,
Its written edict bid them draw,
And urge in hot pursuit the path,
Just ministers of vengeful wrath.

* * * * * *

VI.

He walked with his betrothed; fair eve
Poured forth her choicest treasures there,
And did her brightest chaplets weave,
To give them cheer whose only care
Is to behold, t'enjoy her fair

And lovely face. How rich and rare
Are beauties that adorn the earth
To those that can enjoy their worth!
Things that meet not the common gaze,
Things that touch not the common heart,
Are pregnant with the brilliant rays
Of rich delight to those whose ways
Are blessed by what high thoughts impart.

VII.

They walked beside the flowing stream.
The one seemed free from sordid dust,
And one in whom 'twas safe to trust;
The other did most fitting seem,
Like moonlight to the sunny beam,
Precisely meet to trust in him.
Upon an open space they stood,
Hard by the margin of a wood,
Upon the river's bank of green,
Within whose crystal depths they viewed
Yon full-orbed moon, who cast her sheen
Of gentle splendor o'er the flood!

VIII.

Their converse on high subject ran,
As well it might to those whese thought
Was trained by what Experience taught.
He spake of happy life to man,
That earthly sorrows give their aid
To human weal; 'Each one,' he said,

'Each human mind must learn its own
Of moral good from what is thrown
Upon its path by its own lot;
What others know and say is not
The only guide; but she alone,
Or chiefly she, Experience, flings
Her lessons forth, and oft they 're stings
That pierce us to the quick, and mar
The music of the heart with strife
Of harsh vibrations, whose dread jar
Takes fast hold on the seat of life!'

IX.

Florilla's falt'ring voice was heard:
'My heart bears witness to thy word;
I ne'er had known the weight of bliss,
Or what of joy in life there is,
But for the sorrows I 've endured.
A firebrand came upon my heart,
And pierced it as a burning dart,
And left it palsied 'neath the smart.
I sickened, and I thought t 'have died,
But Heaven in my anguish smiled,
I found the flame had purified
From earthliness and pantings wild.
But time was, ere this burning tide,
When all was innocent and mild!'

ILLA:

AT THE
OWAY

X.

'Yes, scenes of childhood, ere are known
How full our days of trouble are,
Ere aught of bitterness hath thrown
Its iron weight, its burning care,
Ere yet the pois'nous plants are known
Along the path of error strown,
Are of as fair a light and pure,
But of a softer hue, as flows
Upon th' experienced heads of those
Who 've known the pains life hath t' endure.
When o'er my head there went and came
The joys of childhood's gentle flame,
I knew a part'ner of thy name ?'

XI.

The maiden blushed, and faintly spake—
Not 'mong these scenes were passed away,
Nor 'mong these friends, my childhood's day ;
They call me daughter for my sake.'
'"Twas 'mong New-England's lovely fields
We felt the joys that childhood yields ?'
'"Twas toward New-England's sunny sky
I first cast up my youthful eye.'
And deeper grew her cheek's soft die.
'Can it be so ? my vision flies ;
Art thou the flower of Paradise ?'
'Florilla I,' she meekly said.
'Then more abundant on my head

Have joys been poured forth from on high;
Then stronger is the double tie
That binds thee to my heart so true,
So doubly true. Away thine eye—
The moon alone such scene should view!

XII.

'I have a charge to lay to thee:
When first I turned to roam afar,
Thou bad'st me write thee from the war;
I 'beyed thee well and faithfully,
But thou receiv'dst with cold neglect,
Nor gave one tribute of respect!'
'The charge falls harmless on my head;
I throw it back in full on thee,
And bid thee stand and answer me,
And tell me why, in honor's name,
And by thy word, and by thy fame,
And by thy dread of perjured shame,
Thou ne'er fulfill'dst the vow thou made!'
'Didst ne'er receive message from me?'
'I ne'er received one word from thee.'
'Then I do quit thee from my charge,
And ask to quit me from thy charge.
A myst'ry seems to be involved
I fear me ne'er can be resolved.
'Tis done by some unknown, unseen,
Some direful machination fell.
What can it mean? what can it mean?
Who 's he can tell? who 's he can tell?'

XIII.

'Here 's he can tell,' a fierce voice cried;
A form with hideous gesture bound
Forth from the wood, the scene beside,
And leaped upon the verdant ground.
The startled maiden shrieked and hied
Her closer to her lover's side.
But Miron looked, and cried, 'Thank God!
It haunted me in former time—
I am not guilty of his blood—
A murd'rer's guilt is not my crime!'

XIV.

'Who 's he can tell?' he thus in ire
Began his gross, unhallowed speech,
'Who 's he can tell? ye must enquire.
Attend, and hearken while I teach
Ye here, upon this fav'ring spot
Your histories, that ye know not.
Know, then, that in my vengeful wrath
I 've woven round about your path
Thick snares to catch your wayward feet.
Thanks to the stars, ye 're not 'scaped yet.
Know, then, 'twas I who played my part
So well, and with such glorious art,
To pour upon your heads the smart.
'Twas I who caused it to be so
That while ye both wrote oft and long,

Ye neither wrote, and each would throw
Upon the other all the wrong.
I brought upon your glade the war,
I plucked and bore its flower afar.

XV.

'Nor is this all; again ye met,
And knew it not. Then well I played
My game, and by a glorious threat,
As she can testify, I made
Florilla's name Cecilia. Then
I made thy servant mine own slave.
(He 's out of trouble now, the knave.)
I stopped thy message to the maid,
I sent my message in its stead,
I sent an answer of my own,
Aye, start ye may, 'tis even so,
And ye were in keen anguish thrown,
And glorious was the mischief done.
And now ye're met again, but know
It not, and I have come to show
It ye. But thou, sir, came well nigh
My beauteous fabric to o'erthrow;
I should have lain me there to die,
But that thy blow was not so strong.
Perhaps thy strength hath grown by long
Sweet rest; *mine* now to bid thee 'feel
The keenness of avenging steel!'
And yon moon hanging in the sky,
And this maiden, may be alone

The spurs that raise thy sword on high ;
Of these two weapons choose thine own.'

XVI.

Then Miron turned, and reached his hand,
He took the weapon, and he gave
A smile of pity, cool but bland,
Then tossed the blade upon the wave.
'Weapons of blood, for murder steeled,
Are not the swords the righteous wield.'

XVII.

But Arnold cries, 'Thou 'scap'st not so.'
He fiercely waved his sword on high.
Then wildly broke a fearful cry—
Florilla's form there fronts the foe.
He onward stalked, his blade was raised,
Its glitter in the moonbeams blazed,
And in his eye reflected stood
The proof of direful, fiendlike mood.
Its snake-like gaze fell on the broad,
The bright, the piercing, noble look
That Miron gave; he could not brook
Its mighty spell, his soul was awed,
The youth had wrenched from him his blade,
His mad career was sudden stayed.

XVIII.

'Know thou,' said Miron, 'if the good
Ne'er fight the battles of the world,

They can defend from onsets rude,
When at their heads by madmen hurled.
And know thou, too, 'tis not for thee,
Nor such as thou, who madly rush
Abroad each beauteous thing to crush,
Heedless of what your deeds might be,
'Tis not for thee to hurt one hair
Those renovated mortals wear
Who free from hell's protection are,
But dwell beneath Heaven's guardian care.
'Twas given thee to vent thy rage
Against the worldling devotee
To Passion, from all limit free,
To whom reproof was well and sage;
But know, that time is past; no more
Canst thou thy woful malice pour.

XIX.

'Down, and bethink thee of thy sin.
Down, and if still there lives within
Thy soul a single moral spark,
Scan o'er the foul, and dread, and dark,
And awful deeds that thou hast done.
Down, down, and as thou look'st them o'er,
If yet is left to thee the power,
Remember with them Heaven's throne,
And view the boldness thou hast shown
Against the great Supreme above,
And hear aloft his thunders move,
Down on thy head in vengeance drove!

And if thou hast not power to ope
Thine eye upon a single hope,
Yet from thy naked waste of heart
  Show that thy will would fain upraise
  To Heaven thine eye; perchance the blaze
Of hot displeasure may depart;
Perchance the burst will be less dread
Of vengeful wrath upon thy dead!'

XX.

Each word sank deeper in his soul,
  And brighter grew the intense light
  That from his eye shot forth its might,
And stronger did the magic roll
Upon his heart, and lower fell
His frame beneath the mighty spell,
Till there a conquered man he lay—
  Conquered in soul and body too—
Beneath great *mind's* resistless sway,
  And which the *sword* can never do!

XXI.

They heard a heavy trampling sound,
And closer Arnold pressed the ground,
And seemed to wish to sink and hide
  Him low as earth's deep bowels are.
But on they came. The foremost cried,
  'Ha, ha, we've traced him to his lair,
'Twas here the reptile then did glide;
Arise, thou art our prisoner.

Then, Miron, thou 'rt his conqueror ?'
Then bursts upon the startled youth,
Like lightning's flash, the sudden truth :
Arnold is Bradley's murderer !
The spell was gone, the curtain raised,
He stood in grief, and sadly gazed.

XXII.

'O, spare me,' cried the prostrate one,
I cannot die, I cannot die.
Spare, and I 'll heap thy coffers high
With gold from mines exhaustless drawn.'
'Offer thy gold to such as ye,
Show not hell's wages unto me.
The hand would rot that touched thy gold.
The eye would yield a vacant stare
That looked on its infernal glare.
The soul, in hottest torments rolled,
Mis'ry's eternal chains would wear
That ever thought upon thy gold.
Whence comes thy gold ? or from whence flow
Its mines ? thou and thy master know.
Offer thy gold to such as ye,
Show not hell's wages unto me.
Arise, our errand calls for thee.'

XXIII.

'But he repents, and may he live ?'
The voice of mercy cries, 'O give
The power his honor to retrieve !'

When purified from worldly dross,
The soul, through the all-glorious Cross,
Reclaims the image of heaven's King,
And as in first unsinning days,
Stands pure before the holy rays,
How quick the transit that doth bring
The voice of mercy from the great
All-One to the pure part create!
The prayer for mercy comes in streams
Of beauty from Florilla's soul—
She so much injured by the foul
Base man for whom her pity beams!

XXIV.

Not thus the servants of the law—
Not thus with those who from its slow
And stern precepts their lessons draw.
For these repentance never know,
But raise the sword of injured right.
And just it is it should be so.
Away, away, no more so blight,
He 's past death's final, fatal door—
The wicked there shall vex no more!

CANTO III.

THE BOWER.

I.

The breath of morning kissed the air,
And did upon its bosom bear
  Fragrance of richest worth.
The gently brisk and strength'ning breeze
Sang merrily among the trees,
  And flowers that deck the earth.
The sun poured forth his crimson beams,
And gave the world in kindly streams
  His gentle matin dower,
And pierced the cloud that just had poured
Upon the land its plenteous horde,
  A lovely summer shower!

II.

That sun upon the fairy scene
That skirts in harmony serene
  Thy gently winding vale,
O fair Connecticut's sweet stream—
That sun pours down his glorious beam,
  Thine offerings to hail!

That hill, too, rising from the stream,
Where once, ere burned the warlike gleam,
'Waved forests on the sight,'
Now, clothed in all the beauteous guise
That Art can add to Nature, lies
Beneath the sun's bright light.
He the concert joyous leads,
Plays dalliance with the laughing beads
Of wat'ry diamonds fair,
That glisten brightly from the leaves
Of viny tendril, as it weaves
A verdant vesture round the eaves
Of a lone mansion there!

III.

And who are they—yon matchless three!—
Who walk forth so celestially,
And bound in chains of love?
Are they two angels from on high,
And a young cherub of the sky,
Descended from above
To sip for once the air that's given
From bounties that descend from heaven?
Or are they lovely dreams
Of Eden's happy, sinless pair,
Cheered by a heavenly guest, who there
Like to a fair boy seems?

IV.

Whoe'er they be, they seem t' have come
Forth from those walls, their own sweet home,
T' enjoy the morning air,
To view the day start on its road,
Mark how the shower had poured abroad
Its bright enchantments there!
They walked upon the od'rous hill,
They entered there, so fair and still,
A shady arbor green;
Where Flora scattered all her sweets,
And where a splendid prospect greets
The eye, a matchless scene!

V.

Not they alone beheld that view,
For still warbled the birds, and flew
About those bright 'cascades,'
Which sang as merrily as when
Their notes came dingling to the plain
Disporting 'mong the shades!
They still sang cheering on the air,
But showed their foaming whiteness there,
Reflected from the sun!
These, with yon mansion decked in green,
Enraptured hovered o'er the scene,
And on the vale looked down!

VI.

And lo, outspread beneath their feet,
A village beautiful and neat
  Was by them joyous viewed.
Enchanting village, and serene!
Half rural was the matchless scene.
  'Twas 'Paradise' renewed! (7)
The chacing sunbeams lightly bore
The curling mist that glided o'er
  The clear, bright, glassy sheet
Of limpid blue, that rolled along,
Fit subject of a heavenly song,
  In grandeur at their feet!

VII.

Along its shores, as far as eye
Can reach, and yonder toward the sky,
  Bright verdure crowns the meads.
And over dingle, hill, and plain,
Perchance a lonely, wand'ring swain
  His morning labor leads.
While o'er the whole, bright shining down,
As of the earth a glorious crown
  Depending from on high,
Wherein the sunbeams do diffuse
Their glories in the varied hues,
  Fair Iris girts the sky!

VIII.

All these, each in its diff'rent sphere,
Sang their loud anthems high and clear,
  Which joyous climed the skies!
Not these alone sang from the plains;
Not theirs the only voice whence strains
  Of praise to heaven arise;
For while the cherub infant sees
The butterfly and sportive bees,
  And with a nosegay played,
The joyful parents loudly sang,
And hark, their music sweetly rang
  Through bower, and dell, and shade!

IX.

'Once in a mournful hour we sung;
  The strains were full of hope, and given
In joyous Childhood's accents flung
  In harmony aloft to heaven!
That song was a garland of flowers,
Sweet, such as Childhood only showers;
We deemed 'twas all there was of joy,
Because we knew no other toy!

'Again we sung; but for each then
  The sep'rate notes all mournful flow;
The burden of the aching strain
  Was heartfelt pain and burning woe.

The wreath was then of poisoned weeds;
It binds our brow, it stings, it bleeds,
Because we know no heavenly sheaf,
And scorn sweet Childhood's simple leaf!

'Once more our song ascends on high;
But 'tis no local, partial strain,
It floats aloft o'er earth and sky,
And views experienced joy and pain.
We cull from earth her richest flowers,
Bind in one wreath, and in the showers
Of immortality imbue,
To deck our brow for ever new!'

X.

The child, who sporting on the green
Had 'mong the flowers like diamond glistened,
Caught by the echo of the strain,
Began to gaze, and eager listened!

XI.

'As streams upon the fertile earth
The bright and gentle light of Spring,
Producing gems of richest worth,
Enrobing with each beauteous thing;
So o'er our minds, untaught as yet,
Our Childhood's love poured forth its sweet;
It was the hour of simple joy,
Not lofty, but free from alloy!

'As withers every flower earth has,
As dry up all her running streams,
Beneath the fervid, scorching blaze
Of Summer-sun's relentless gleams;
So withers every grace of soul,
So cease sweet feeling's streams to roll,
Beneath the never pitying blight
Of Passion's deeply piercing might!

'As Spring's strong germinating might
And fervid Summer's ripening blaze
Spread 'neath the Autumn's golden light
Fruits rich to taste, fair to the gaze;
So have sweet Childhood's budding power
And Passion's vision-op'ning dower
Spread out before the Christian's eye
Knowledge and joy, pure, bright, and high!

'Nor will there ever on the height
Of bliss that decks the joyous field
Fall Winter's frost, to nip and blight,
Fall Winter's snow, the wreck to gild;
Our frames may fee the with'ring truth,
Our souls shall bloom in during youth,
And eat of fruits, a heavenly dower,
Through ages 'bove conception's power!'

XII.

Upstarting from its grassy couch,
Where it had heard the thrilling touch
Of music pierce the sky,
The child drew near, and stood, and gazed,
And upward to its mother raised
Its heavenly beaming eye!

XIII.

'As sport the waters brisk along,
Near by their loved, enchanting source,
Bright fields and fairy shades among,
Nor heed the charms that cheer their course;
So do the joys of Childhood fleet
Seem doubly fair and doubly sweet
Because these joys, that seem so plain,
Do not the fixed attention gain.

'As over crag and frowning steep
Rush recklessly of every thing
The blindly driven wat'ry deep,
Its angry splashings forth to fling;
Thus blindly do th' affections rush
When Passion strives their sweets to crush;
Thus are the foams the heart must feel
When Passion doth her poisons deal!

'Those waters, when they 've reached the plain,
Augmented by a thousand rills,

Sweep in deep current to the main,
And every gem its bosom fills;
So in a smooth, unruffled flow
Th' affections, taught by former woe,
Pass onward bright and tranquilly
Toward th' ocean of Eternity!

'Nor will that ocean be a vast
Unmeaning mass, by tempest tost,
But waters of cerulean cast,
Gemmed with a countless pearly host,
Glitt'ring in every country's guise,
Come from all climes beneath the skies,
And 'bove the skies; from every world
Creation's mighty wheel hath whirled!

XIV.

'The splendid prospect calls for praise;
Praise boundless as the prospect is;
Praise bright as are the lustrous rays
Of a pure Christian's heavenly bliss!
The ecstasy our spirit yields,
The hope that our high prospect gilds,
Burn on our tongues, and bid us cry,
To God be raised the Pæan high!

'Sing all ye plains, and all ye hills,
Sing all ye shades, and solemn woods,
Sing all ye rivers, and ye rills,
Sing O thou Earth, with all thy floods,

Sing mortals, with a holy fire,
Like strains of an Archangel choir,
O sing, and let it pierce the sky,
To God be raised the Pæan high!'

XV.

The infant heard the strain, and gazed,
And did the purport catch amazed
Borne on the holy song!
Its eye with childhood's sweetness glazed,
Its voice it joyous upward raised,
And with a lisping tongue,
And tone that would with angel's vie,
'To God be raised the Pæan high!'

XVI.

Across the vale the chorus ran,
The mountains caught the hymn from man,
And sang it o'er again!
The oft reverberated song,
In echo full, and clear, and long,
Arising from the plain,
Passed on its heavenward passage by,
'To God be raised the Pæan high!'

XVII.

But hark! what voice sweeps on the air?
No earthly sound were half so rare,
Or of such speechless worth!

A Seraph flew along the sky,
And as her chariot glittered by,
  Sent back the strain to earth,
Sweet as the breath of zephyr's sigh,
'To God be raised the Pæan high!'

XVIII.

It was the Guardian Spirit of Joy!
The airy breathings lightly buoy
  The chariot and its Guest!
Her golden voice floats on the breeze,
That ought to reach th' antipodes,
  And pierce each human breast!
She sang the anthem from the sky,
'To God be raised the Pæan high!

'Yes, hear, O Earth! and hearken, every clime!
List to the strains upon whose swellings chime
Bliss for earth's favored ones, food for the weak!
O list, and hear each lovely virtue speak!
It comes from those who claim the right to teach,
For 'tis Experience doth her torch outreach!
Nor lacks a witness, for the cherub boy
Joins in the strain, the progeny of joy—
Of holy joy—joy where, in streams combined,
Love, virtue, bliss, are in one spirit joined!
Then hear, O Earth! and hearken, every clime!
List to their strains, that shall survive all time!

XIX.

'There be two seasons of man's favored life
That are with soul-enchanting rapture rife.
The first is sweet, but of a transient date;
The first is sweet, but of no mighty weight;
Its light is fair, but of a narrow sphere;
It pleases, but no piercing beams are here.
Man is not born in full and dazzling light,
But 'neath the peaceful glimmerings of night;
Yon heavenly Crescent streams upon his head,
And starlight keeps abashed the gloomy shade.
And thus he passes through the flitting years,
And knows nor rapture nor hot, scalding tears!

XX.

'Down sinks the Light God made to 'rule the night.'
Gladness is hushed—shut up each sweet delight—
And Stygian is the vapor from the ground,
That withers every beauteous flower around,
But careful nurses in its foul caress
Each gross, hot-breathing plant of bitterness;
That 's watered by the tears man's forced to yield,
And well if heart-blood sprinkle not the field!
Ah! who would wish to breathe the poisoned gale,
And taste the noxious fruit, and send the wail?
Ah! who would dwell for ever in the dark,
Through blackness steer his mis'ry-freighted bark?

What though a light stream from yon glimm'ring star?
It only points his woe, and flames despair!
What though the beam light on a single cord
That lingers in the likeness of its Lord?
Its whetted feeling only shows to man
In deeper glow the darkly brooding pain!

XXI.

'But hail, yon beam, that streaks the ruddy East—
The harbinger of an eternal feast!
Go, dip thy pencil in the crimson glare,
And light, and life, and endless day declare!
Plant on the growing light the eye of faith,
With steady ardor spurn the shades of death!
(Say, wouldst thou know where shines the bright relief?
Go, view it on thy Bible's golden leaf!)
O leave behind thy gross and mortal frame,
Its every furniture, its every claim;
But feast thy soul upon the heavenly dower,
And promise it a more abundant shower.
Then, when the last remain of night hath gone,
When twilight on her shady wing hath flown,
When upward bursts yon woe-dispelling sun,
Whence streams of holiness for ever run,—
Then mount upon the beams and fly away,
Where not one cloud bedims the blaze of day!
Go, join the legionary choirs above,
And drink in life and knowledge, joy and love!

Go, and become an angel of the sky,
And on the errands of heaven's Sovereign fly!
Go, sport along the fields of endless space,
And learn each joy, each heaven-created grace,
And skim the paths by seraph-legions trod,
And bask in beams from Universal God,
And gaze on awful Spirit's great Abode!

END OF PART III.

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.—Page 17.

'To call it even Paradise.'

There are several towns, it is believed, situated in different parts of the United States, at the present day, which claim the name of 'Paradise.' But if the reader should be curious to ascertain to which of these the Muse refers in her present roundelay, and should enquire, if neither of them be meant, whether it be a spot unknown as yet to cosmographers, and if so how situate, &c., the answer would probably be, that neither of these suppositions contains the truth, but that it is a place whose situation, beauties, and virtues, are known only to the Muse herself; but that she will endeavor, presently, to locate it in some region where the fancy of her listeners can follow, and adorn it with such graces as their hearts shall approve. Or if the reader choose, he can very readily understand the Muse's description to have a distant allusion to ancient Paradise, in her beauty and innocence, and wait the result.

The design of the Muse appears to be, not the description of some event unknown to the world, adorned with the enchantments of Romance, and acquiring its zest from being enclosed in the curtains of Mystery, but rather the exhibition of the smooth current of common life, and of those colors that are very apt to mingle their hues upon every picture of human existence. Nevertheless, she has seen fit to connect the burden of her song with an event which transpired during the American Revolution, as will be seen anon.

NOTE 2.—Page 19.

'A stream that issued from the North.'

Should any one happen to be so very destitute of employment in this *busy* age and country as to direct his attention to the examination of the villages strown along the *Connecticut*, with a view of finding Paradise, he would indeed fail of discovering it in name, and enveloped in its described minutiæ, but would undoubtedly be attracted by many a place which, by changing the ideal his fancy has formed of the 'Village,' he might easily consider to be the spot designed.

NOTE 3.—Page 29.

'The Festival's delights unrolled.'

The practice of solemnizing, by the annual festival of Thanksgiving, the crowning of the varied blessings of the year, by the gatherings of Autumn, has been observed in New-England from time immemorial, and has recently been introduced into other States.

The chaste luxuries, social pleasures, juvenile sports, &c., attendant upon the festival, are of a highly cheering character.

NOTE 4.—Page 57.

It will be recollected that at the close of the year 1781, while Gen. Washington was engaged in executing that grand scheme which closed the drama of the Revolution—the taking of Yorktown, an expedition by the British in New-York was performed against New-London, Conn., for the purpose of attracting the attention and part of the forces of the American army; that it was signalized by the most barbarous cruelty, in every form, by

fire and sword, a considerable portion of the town being burned ; and that it was led by the traitor Arnold—a circumstance whose enormity is heightened by the consideration that the scene of the deed was 'in his *native State*.' The Muse has connected this incident with her story, transferring the scene of action a short distance to a place of her own creation.

The person, also, whom she represents as hero of the infamous deed is of the name of Arnold, but is governed in his actions, in part at least, by the motive of *revenge*. This is the only incident in which the histories of both Arnolds will be found to coincide, though their several characters may possibly form a more exact resemblance.

NOTE 5.—Page 57.

New-York was held in possession of the royal army for two years and more after the closing event of the war; and as this occurred in the fall of the year 1781, the time of action in Part II may be placed in the subsequent Summer.

NOTE 6.—Page 108.

'And that spot, too, where he of pride.'

The appearance and scenery of the Hudson through that region where lie the two separate scenes of Gen. Burgoyne's battle and surrender, are of a degree of beauty equaled upon but few rivers in the United States, or even, perhaps, in the world.

NOTE 7.—Page 132.

''Twas 'Paradise' renewed.'

Should the reader have adopted the suggestion contained in Note 1, viz., to unite the Paradise of this poem with the Paradise

of the Scriptures, he will here, probably, discover a still stronger resemblance between them, in the circumstances of the two loveliest occupants of each being subjected to misfortune and woe through the *envy* of an *evil one*, and after enduring banishment, sorrow, and the fruits of error, through the lapse of a season, being restored at last with increased joys to '*Paradise Regained.*'

THE END.

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